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## THE YOUNG CHRISTIAN PUT ON HIS GUARD AGAINST THE HINDERANCE TO PROGRESS WHICH ARISES FROM DISAPPOINTMENT RESPECTING THE ENJOYMENT OF A RELIGIOUS LIFE.

Among the hinderances against which the young Christian may need to be put on his guard, we may mention, next, that arising from false expectations respecting the enjoyment of a religious life. The opening views of a religious existence are like those of youth, bright with vague anticipations of the future, full of gay dreams, romantic and visionary expectations. It is the youth of the soul, excited, ardent, confident, and painting the future in colors too uniformly gorgeous to be true. Not that any extravagance of expectation can exceed the actual happiness which the Christian realizes in his established faith. Young Christians do not, for they cannot, expect too much; but they expect—as the Scripture says "they ask—*amiss*." They err as to the nature more than as to the degree of enjoyment. They look for it in excitement, in strong emotion, in ecstasy, in rapture. They expect to be forever in the same glowing frame of bliss in which they are now, while the subject is all new and their feelings all fresh. The scales have just fallen from their eyes, the light has broken in upon their souls for the first time, and the scene that bursts upon their view is that of Elysium. They have no idea that familiarity can ever render it less beautiful, or dull in any degree the emotion with which they gaze upon it. But it is a universal and inexorable law of nature, that familiarity tames the passionateness with which any object is regarded. The excitement of feeling goes down. The exaltation and frenzy of the mind subside. The pleasure may continue, but the rapture ceases.

He, therefore, who proceeds to cultivate his religious nature under the expectation that it is to yield him a perpetual, sensible joy, is sure to be disappointed. It is not the nature of the mind to be capable of perpetual, unintermitted joy.—In all cases in which the mind is wrought up to a high pitch of excitement, one of two consequences always results — either it becomes weary, and the interest of the subject is worn out by the intenseness of the action,—and this often happens in religion, where a most passionate devotion for a season ends in coldness, indifference, and worldliness,—or else, the excitement being modified and controlled by reason and principle, the mind settles down into a quiet, steadfast, gentle, and equable condition, without ecstasy, but full of content. And this, too, is what we see in daily examples of the judicious and confirmed believers.

Many are made greatly unhappy, and fall into grievous despondency, for want of duly considering this. They find ere long that their frame of mind sinks. Not only have they no rapture, but they perceive with horror that occasionally even a lethargy of feeling comes over them, as if they had fairly exhausted the excitability of their mind. They read and pray with a calmness which frightens them—a calmness they in vain try to agitate; and whereas they were shortly lifted to the third heavens with delight, they now stand unmoved, as if the very pulse of celestial life had stopped. The contrast appals them. They fancy themselves deserted of God and all goodness. They feel themselves abandoned and lost, and are ready to sink in consternation and despair. They had imagined, in their hours of exalted musing, that the love of the world was subdued; that the power of its fascination was gone; that its follies and lusts, its pride and pleasures, having been seen once in their true light, could never have charms for them again; and that the sinful feelings they had formerly excited could not be excited by them again. But, as they again move about in the actual scenes of the world, they find it far otherwise. The desires and appetites which they supposed to be dead, were only sleeping, and they suddenly wake. The passions and selfishness which they supposed subdued, spring up vigorously, and would break their chains, and clamor for indulgence, as before, and, perhaps, in some unguarded moment, seize on their gratification. All this astonishes and alarms them. They were not prepared for it. It is wholly unexpected. They find themselves deceived.—They know not how to meet it. They are miserable. Their life is wholly a different one from that which they proposed to themselves—a life of watching, self-denial, and anxiety, when they had been looking for nothing but peace and joy. They are disheartened, and perhaps abandon the path which promised them pleasantness and peace, but has yielded them weariness and pain.

It becomes important, therefore, that the beginner should understand the nature both of Christian duty and of Christian happiness, that he may count the cost before he begins, and not fail through false and unreasonable expectations.

Let him consider, then, that Christian duty is conformity to a law, and Christian happiness the result of that conformity. This law governs the affections, as well as the conduct; determines the whole state of mind and feeling, as well as of life; and it is only when mind and feeling are conformed to this law, that the man is in the way of Christian duty,—only then, therefore, that he is to expect happiness. And what happiness? That which belongs to the consciousness of having done duty; that which grows out of and appertains to the state of mind which is attained;—and that will be, of course, satisfaction, contentment, rather than ecstasy. The consciousness of being right, the assurance of the favor of God,—these, being abiding and habitual impressions on the mind, are likely to produce a calm peace, rather than a tumultuous delight.

Then it is to be considered, further, that religion operates on the human mind upon similar principles with other subjects, and follows the laws and constitution of human nature. If, then, in respect to the question before us, the analogy of the other affections shows the same result, we ought to be satisfied. And undoubtedly it is so. The religious affections are kindred to all the affections. That love which is the essence of religion is the same love which exhibits itself in the various relations of man, and is the source of the purest and strongest joys of earth, as it is to be of those of heaven. How intense and fervent the love of a mother for her child! What sacrifices will she make for it, what toils endure, and how readily does her heart flutter and her eye overflow! Yet there are times when that strong affection seems dead in her bosom, and we have often heard her say that it seemed to her as if she had no feeling, as if she were an unnatural creature, from whom all natural affection had departed. Yet, meantime, unexcited as she is, she goes resolutely on, discharging her maternal duties, till some occasion calls forth again the floods of tenderness. She did not blame herself—we did not blame her—for that habitual tranquility of feeling, for that temporary coldness;—far from it. The cares of a large family never could go on, if the parent were agitated always with the intense feeling toward all the children which is the real measure of her love for each; and we know that she gives as genuine proof of her affection where the work she does for them takes her thoughts away from them, when she forgets them for a season, because she is so busy for their good, as when she overwhelms them with caresses and tears.

So, too, the father of the household. He leaves them in the morning, is absorbed with the toilsome cares of his business, and may not be distinctly conscious of a thought or emotion going back to them during the day. Is it proved then, that he does not love them? Time was, when the image of her who is now the mother of his children haunted him like a dream, mingled with all his thoughts, could not be, would not be, banished from his mind: it was like a light about him wherever he went, and a bliss in his thoughts however he was employed; and thus his love was one perpetual living rapture. Because it is so no longer, does he therefore love her the less? Nay, he loves her the more,—with a sober, steadfast, habitual confidence and affection, which has lost its passion, but has become an essential portion of his being, —intrudes on him less, but in its calmness and quietness blesses him more. It is only the idle dream of romance which expects the rapture of the lover to be perpetuated in the sober certainty of waking bliss which makes the happiness of home.—And so of all the affections. The religious affections go by the same law. When newly awakened and fixed on the great realities of God and eternity, they engross, and agitate, and absorb the soul; there is no room for any other thought, affection, or care; these fill and consume the whole being. But by-and-by the heart settles into a state of tranquility; and the man, occupied in obedience and duty, is excited less, and walks with his faith as an old and familiar friend.

Let it, then, be no discouragement to the religious aspirant that familiarity with his new life has abstracted something from the keen relish it had at first. Let him learn to find an equal satisfaction in the moderate and unexciting life of tranquil duty, that he at first found in the strong emotions of the mind. Acceptance with God depends on the heart being right with him; and as you do not judge of the rightness of your child's affection toward yourself and the other children by its vehemence of expression, by its being easily called out in tears and vented in outcries, but rather by its steady and unobtrusive watchfulness for your wishes, and carefulness not to offend, and fidelity, and kindness,—so believe that the great Father judges of you, and approves you none the less because the strength of emotion with which you first came to him has subsided into an equable confidence and uniform obedience.

And here I cannot refrain from saying a few words in relation to another source of discouragement, which often operates in connection with that, to the consideration of which this chapter is especially devoted.

The Christian is frequently disheartened, not only at finding less excitement and rapturous enjoyment in the religious life than he expected, but also at not discovering such obvious marks of progress in the advancing stages as at the commencement. But it is a very important truth for him who is going forward in the Christian life to remember, that the growth of character follows, in many respects, the analogy of all other growth. In its beginnings it is more perceptible; its progress in its first stages is more striking: an extraordinary difference is in a very short time noticed, after a man has positively changed from worldliness to religion. But the succeeding steps become by-and-by less perceptible; and though actual, perhaps equal progress may be made in a more advanced state of the Christian course, yet the work may seem to be almost stationary. An illustration of this may be found in the different appearances of motion in the rising and the meridian sun; the former seeming to advance with rapidity, the latter hardly to move. Or take, for comparison, a work of art, a painting. The artist takes a blank and unmeaning canvass. He sketches the outlines of his beautiful subject. A very short time suffices to exhibit great progress. The whole form and features come rapidly into view. But as he approaches towards the finishing of his work, he labors the more delicate parts, he retouches, refines, perfects; but it all makes little show: in truth, there may be more and more careful study, and anxious toil, and the highest efforts of his genius, and yet the amount of labor and thought, and the degree of improvement, be perceptible to none but a most observing and practised eye. So it is with the Christian character the nearer it approaches to perfection: there may be great watchfulness, laborious self-discipline, toil for advancement, and a perpetual addition of those delicate strokes, those hues and shades of spiritual beauty by which perfection is attained; but no change shows itself, meanwhile, to the common observer; the Christian seems to others precisely where he was a month ago, and he himself may be dissatisfied at not perceiving any obvious marks of growth corresponding with his arduous labors.

Let the Christian, then, not be deceived. Let him be sure that he judges himself by a right standard. It is true that he ought not to be too easily satisfied of his improvement; but neither ought he to be discouraged through an irrational regard and judgment of his moral condition.—when the oak was just springing from the ground, and rearing its stem in the increase of its first tender season, its growth of but twelve inches above the soil, whereon nothing but decayed leaves was manifest before, appeared conspicuous and considerable; but now that it has waved its branches in the sunshine and winds of threescore summers, and sheltered two generations of men with its beneficent shadow, and nurtured innumerable tribes of living creatures in its kindly arms, it may add the same measure of increase in a year to each of its hundred gigantic limbs, with no perceptible enlargement; its real growth has been a hundred-fold what it was when most conspicuous to men, but no one observes or appreciates it. So it is with the Christian character: the more advanced its stages, the nearer it attains to perfection, its actual improvement, though greater than in the beginning, may nevertheless be less perceptible.

[H. Ware, Jr.

## THE ABUSED WIFE, HAPPY.

I was once on a visit to a friend, who requested me to accompany her to see a sick woman, supposed to be near her end. The house was not a cabin, but a mere wreck of a once comfortable dwelling. Every appearance of comfort was absent. The partitions appeared to have been taken down, and the whole house turned into one large room. There was no glass in the windows—but that mattered not, it was summer. Upon entering this desolate place, I saw the sick woman lying on a miserable bed, unable to raise her head from the pillow, and attended only by an aged mother above eighty years of age, and a little daughter about seven or eight. Here, indeed seemed to be the very picture of wretchedness; and I was told that the brute of a husband generally came home drunk, and never gave her a kind or soothing word. Hear the conclusion—I verily thought, before I left the house, that this was the happiest woman I ever saw. Her devout and tender eye was sweetly fixed on heaven. Her countenance was serene, and illumined with a heavenly smile. [Dr. Alexander on Religious Experience.

## CHRISTIAN CONSOLATIONS.

We have already extracted a long article from Mr. Ware's works, which are just published, but must add also the following for such as are called to mourn.

"All the teaching and all the experience of holy men, and of the blessed Redeemer, persuade us that our true help in trial must come from God.

And how is it to come from God?

1. It comes through *faith*. The heart which believes in God, and believes in Christ, ceases to be troubled; for it does not look at the event alone, but at the hidden purposes which it is to answer in the counsels of Providence, and the revelations concerning these purposes which have been brought by Jesus Christ. Thus the mind is occupied by something extrinsic to the immediate cause of mourning, and lifted up to the great First Cause. In contemplating that great First Cause, it is impossible to discern any thing but infinite wisdom and essential benignity. Whatever is done, is with the kindest design, and for the most desirable end. It is impossible there should be in it error or ill-will; but the most mysterious dealings, to the watchful eye of faith, which know show to interpret them, have a light and a meaning, which give tranquillity to the disturbed spirit. It is *distrust* which is unsettled, perplexed, distressed; it is distrust which sits down repining, and beats the breast, and refuses to be comforted. Faith rises, and lifts up its head; there may be a tear in its eye, but there is steadfastness in its heart, and with unconquerable serenity it gazes upward, till, piercing the clouds and darkness which surround the eternal throne, it discerns the righteousness and mercy which are its foundation. It does not doubt that all is right, for it relies on divine wisdom. It does not doubt that all will be well, for it confides in perfect love; and, taking up the words of the apostle, it says, "We have had fathers of the flesh which corrected us, and we gave them reverence; shall we not much rather be in subjection unto the Father of spirits, and live?" and "if he spared not his own Son, shall he not with him freely give us all things?"

Thus does God send down help through faith.

In the next place, he adds to it through *prayer*. Prayer is the act of faith. The confiding child that has stood gazing upward to a parent's seat, contemplating and adoring, at length opens his mouth and speaks. The fire kindles within, and his glowing thoughts utter themselves unto God. Thus it was with Jesus, when he rejoiced in spirit at the success of his ministry, and cried, "Father, I thank thee;" when he groaned in spirit at the tomb of Lazarus, and cried, "Father, I thank thee;" when he drew near to the agony of death, and exclaimed, "Father, glorify thy name." And so, too, his friends, who walk in his faith, at every changing season of their pilgrimage, call upon God. It is the natural and dutiful expression of their filial trust. It augments and gives vigor to that trust. The sluggish heart is roused, the wavering fortitude is confirmed, when the believer goes aside from the pressure of these mortal things, like his Lord retiring to the mountain, and holds communion with God. He returns a revived and strengthened man. He is nerved to do and to endure. God is the foundation of all power. If the human soul would have strength, it must draw from him. It thrives by the breath of his presence. It grows fit for action and for suffering, by pouring out to him its own weakness, and drinking in, in return, his strength.

To speak more plainly, prayer, by its own action on the mind, imparts to it strength; and it has, moreover, the promise of additional aid from the Spirit of God. He who trusts his own resources is weak, and soon faints under the pressure of trial; "but they that wait on the Lord renew their strength." He that seeks to brave out the grief, and harden himself against it with stoical fortitude, may break his heart in the attempt; or, if he succeed, it is at the expense of all that is generous and amiable in his nature, and he becomes less than a man. But he who, feeling his calamity, pours out his feelings in prayer to the Father, by thus mingling his keen sorrow with his holiest devotions, soothes his sorrow into tranquility; it becomes a part of his spiritual pleasure; it is the means of lifting him into a frame of thought superior to this lower scene. A serenity, of which the world knows nothing and can impart nothing, attends the act; and his cry for peace, even while he utters it, is answered by Him who has said, "Let him call upon me in trouble; I will deliver him, and he shall glorify me."

Once more. God sends help through the Christian *hope* which he has given. The apostle said of the heathens, that they were *without God and without hope* in the world: their misery consisted not only in ignorance of God, but in the prospect of eternal death. But to the Christian, not only the Father is revealed, but life and immortality are brought to light; so that, whatever evils may assail him in the world, they not only cease at the grave, but there is more than a compensation for them beyond it. Whatever afflictions weigh down his spirit here, they are not worthy to be compared to the glory that shall be revealed.

This inward hope completes the measure of the Christian's consolation. *Faith and prayer* had given quiet to his mind, but the *hope of heaven* excites it to joy, and raises it from serenity to rapture. He feels himself to be immortal. He knows his virtuous friends to be so too, and therefore feels that he is not separated from them. When he stands weeping, like Mary at the sepulchre of her Lord, he hears a voice which says, "Why seek ye the living among the dead? They are not here, they are risen. For as Jesus died and rose again, even so also those who sleep in Jesus shall God bring with him."

There is no trial or burden to which he may not rise superior, whose mind is inspired and filled by the glorious operations of this exalted hope. He feels himself immortal. His affections being set on his eternal good, temporal evil has lost its power to destroy his happiness. It may be that his worldly possessions have failed him, and his earthly prospects are darkened; but the possessions on which he depends for happiness are secure, his favorable prospects cannot be overshadowed. Infirmity and disease may render life weary; but his thoughts are not confined to life; they wander through eternity, they commune with God, their home is in heaven. Death may approach while in the midst of prosperity, having a thousand dear ties; it may be in the very opening of life's happy day, with every thing that earth and friendship can give, to make life delightful and desirable. But even then, the heart that has learned to exalt itself by the visions of futurity, is able to disarm the king of terrors. The hope of Christ is mightier than the fear of the grave. At that hour of nature's faltering, when dread and consternation have appalled even the bold, we have seen even a young, frail, feminine spirit, for which the *common* adversities of life seemed too rude, able to look round without dismay, collected, calm, serene, smiling amid pain, and the conqueror of the grave. Others tremble and weep; but the sufferer, as if no longer a sufferer, can speak quietly, and comfort them; can lead them to God, in words of trust and consolation, and so sink into that dreaded silence of the grave, as if it were indeed but passing to its home. Such power has God given to man to triumph over death! So kindly has he provided strength for the soul that puts its trust in his gospel.

It is in vain to deny that life has its troubles, and death its alarms. We cannot disguise the bitterness of the cup which man is called to drink. Nor can we help the cry, that if it be possible, that cup may pass from us. But God has done better for us than to cause it to pass. He has made it the cup of immortality. Trial and grief are the preparation for glory. The grave is the gate of heaven. The death of the body is the emancipation of the soul. Emancipated souls are to reunite in a better and happier society. The souls of the righteous are in the hand of God, and there can no evil touch them. In the sight of the unwise they seem to die, and their departure is taken for misery; but they are at peace; for God has loved them and received them to himself, and they shall rejoice forever. And if ever a holy hallelujah of solemn praise should ascend from man to God, it might well be at the departure of one who had died in the triumph of Christian hope, and the burial of whose body is but the signal of the spirit's welcome by angels into heaven. Tears might fall as we sang, but not the less real would be our praise, and not the less perfect our consolation.

## THE CONTRAST.

We know a pastor, who settled a few years ago with a young Church, too poor to support him, without help of the missionary convention of the State. He had seen a cordial willingness in the little Church, however, to give what they could in the cause of missions; and this was in his estimation a sort of bond for the growth of the Church. It was his aim to foster this spirit, even if it cost him some sacrifices. A neighboring pastor, who knew all about the poverty of the infant Church, said, one day, to his brother pastor, "Your Church must keep back what they pay for missions, and let it go towards your salary, for it is more than is paid by any other Church in the association." The advice was not deemed good at the time, and certainly nothing has occurred in the subsequent history of the two Churches to make it look better. The little Church has been growing in liberality and in strength. They have added something every year to their pastor's salary, and have given more than one-fourth of the same sum every year to the missionary cause. The other Church which was taught to keep all for the pastor, has been diminishing his salary every year; and now, though worth three or four times as much money, it pays the pastor less than one-half as much as does the Church which sought a blessing for itself in blessing others. [Macedonian.

## MIRACLES.

BY PRES. HOPKINS.

"Experience," says Hume, "is our only guide concerning matters of fact. Our belief or assurance of any fact from the report of eye-witnesses is derived from no other principle than experience; that is, our observation of the veracity of human testimony. Now, if the fact attested partakes of the marvellous, if it is such as has seldom fallen under our observation, here is a contest of two opposite experiences, of which the one destroys the other, as far as its force goes, and the superior can only operate on the mind by the force which remains. Further, if the fact affirmed by eye-witnesses, instead of being only marvellous, is really miraculous; if, besides, the testimony, considered apart and in itself, amounts to an entire proof, in that case there is proof against proof of which the strongest must prevail, but still with a diminution of force in proportion to that of its antagonist. A miracle is a violation of the laws of nature; and as a firm and unalterable experience has established these laws, the proof against a miracle, from the very nature of the fact, is as entire as any argument from experience can possibly be imagined. And if so, it is an undeniable consequence, that it cannot be surmounted by any proof whatever from testimony."

And here I observe that Hume takes it for granted, that what we call a miracle is contrary to the uniformity of nature. Indeed his own definition of a miracle is, that it is a violation of the laws of nature. But how can we know that what we call a miracle is not, in the highest and most proper sense, as natural as any other event? By the term *natural*, we mean stated, fixed, uniform. Whatever happens statedly in given circumstances, we call natural. If men, rose from the dead as statedly, after a year, as they now do from sleep in the morning, one would be as natural as the other, and would occasion no more surprise. In accordance with this definition, we call an event natural, though it happen but once in a thousand years, provided it come round statedly at the end of that time. The appearance of a comet having the periodical time of a thousand years, would be just as natural as the rising of the sun. But if we suppose such a comet to appear for the first time, and that were the only one in the system, it is plain no man could tell whether it was natural or not. When it should come round again and again, it would be considered natural.

But who can tell whether, it the vast cycles of God's moral government, miracles may not have been provided for, and come in, at certain distant points, as statedly and uniformly, and therefore as naturally, as any thing else? Who can tell whether a miracle may not be, to the ordinary course of events, as the occasional and momentary reversing of the engine that is bearing the cars onward? A man gets into a railroad car for the first time, and moves uniformly forward, perhaps for the course of a day, and he may suppose the engine capable of no other motion. He has rode a *whole* day, and has had no experience of any other. But an emergency occurs, and the motion of the engine is reversed. He now perceives that it is capable of an adjustment and a movement required only on particular occasions, of which he was before wholly ignorant. But a thousand years are with God as one day; and it may be, it is not altogether improbable, that as the engine, and the cars, and the whole material apparatus are made for the convenience and benefit of the passengers, so the mighty train of the universe, with its countless hosts of suns and stars, was made for the accommodation of the passengers that are in it; and though God may roll it forward with an uninterrupted motion for a thousand years, yet that then the emergency may occur, and that he may for a moment reverse the motion, and say, "sun stand thou still, upon Gibeon, and thou, moon, in the valley of Ajalon." What should prevent it? What do we know of the plans and purposes of God to enable us to say that this is improbable, especially if we suppose it demanded by the exigencies of his moral government, and the good of his sensitive and rational creation?

But the truth is, Hume does not take the moral government of God into his account at all.—This is his great mistake. It is like the mistake of the astronomer who should carefully notice the circular movement of the planets around their primaries, but should fail to notice that mightier movement by which, as we are told, planets and suns are all borne onward towards some unknown point in infinite space. Experience may enable him to determine, and to calculate, the movements of the first order; but if he would know those of the second, he must inquire of Him who carries it forward. The moral government of God is a movement in a line onwards towards some grand consummation, in which the principles, indeed, are ever the same, but the developements are always new,—in which, therefore, no experience of the past can indicate with certainty what new openings of truth, what new manifestations of goodness, what new phases of the moral heavens, may appear.

The difficulty with the most of those who have opposed Hume has been that they have permitted him, while arguing the question ostensibly on the ground of theism, to involve positions that are really atheistic. They have permitted him to give, surreptitiously, to the mere physical laws of nature a sacredness and a permanence which put them in the place of God.—Let the question be fairly stated, and it would seem impossible there should be any difficulty respecting it. Do we believe in the existence of a personal God, intelligent and free!—not a God who is a part of nature, or a mere personification of the powers of nature but one who is as distinct from nature as the builder of the house is from the house! Do we either believe, with our best philosophers, that the laws of nature are only the stated mode in which this God operates, or that all nature, with all its laws, are perfectly under his control! Then we can find no difficulty in believing that such a God may, at any time when the good of his creatures requires it, change the mode of his operation, and suspend those laws. Would Hume accept this statement of the question? If so, the dispute is at an end, for this relation of God to nature involves the possibility both of a miracle and of its proof. It is incompatible with this relation, that experience should ever attain that character of absolute and necessary uniformity in virtue of which alone its evidence can be set in opposition to that of testimony. If he would not accept this statement, he is an atheist or a pantheist; and we are not yet prepared to argue the question of miracles, for that cannot be argued until it is fully conceded that a personal God exists.

## THE TROUBLESOME SUBJECT.

In the course of some sensible remarks upon the spirit and impression of the late anniversaries in this city, the Commercial Advertiser thus speaks of the subject of slavery, the truth of which will hardly be questioned:

"In the first place, these anniversaries have shown that the question of slavery—that plague and opprobrium of our country—is mixing itself with almost every department of Christian and benevolent effort. As an eloquent speaker observed: 'it comes up over the land like the frogs in Egypt'; swarming over the whole field of benevolent operation, threatening to drown, by its discordant notes, all persuasives to other action. It seems destined, like an army of locusts, to destroy the 'green pasture' of the church of God, and choke up the 'waters of quietness' which irrigate the garden of the Lord. It is evidently becoming *the* question, which is to eat up, like Pharaoh's lean kine, every other, and create a dearth and famine of benevolent effort.

It confronted and had well nigh struck down the angelic form of Christian unity in the conference of the Evangelical Alliance, and only refrained from his purpose when it was allowed to dwell in the same camp, on the admission of its rights and with the credit of having been generous enough to forego the death-blow for the sake of peace. For an entire day it was enthroned in the Tabernacle, multitudes listening to its plaint of woe, sympathizing in its appeals and devising means, with more or less wisdom, though with equal enthusiasm, for its immediate or its gradual and final adjustment.

In one form or other it exerted an influence over every meeting, either sitting boldly with the officers, or peeping from behind some cautiously worded resolution, or suddenly evoked from concealment and revealed to the audience by a burst of eloquence or flash of genius from some untrammeled and impassioned speaker.—Welcome or unwelcome, treated with respect or with scorn, lauded or denounced, we believe there was scarcely a meeting, certainly not one of any importance, where either on sufferance or by invitation, as friend or foe, as host or guest, the question of slavery had not its influence on the discussions. We advert to the *fact* only, as something worthy of observation and of grave consideration in view of the future. What the effect has been, what it will be, deserves and demands from every Christian philanthropist the most careful scrutiny."

All very true: and what man of humanity or truth can complain of it! It is one of the most hopeful indications of the times that this subject cannot be put aside, and that our free and boastful countrymen are obliged to face the enormity and guilt and danger of this prodigious curse.—If it is upturning everything and threatens to throw us all into chaos, let us be consoled by the thought that the extirpation of an institution of so long standing, and so deeply imbedded in all the usages, political economy, social prejudices and religious relations of the country, as slavery is and has been, cannot be expected without great and violent convulsions. And as it is bound to take place—Providence, truth, civilization and the universal human conscience having decreed it—to snarl and fight and hold back, as too many are pleased to do, will only make matters worse, and render the agitation more bitter and pervading. It will be a glorious day for the church and the country, when the national conscience can get no rest till this great sin be repented of and abandoned. [N. Y. Evangelist.

In the same paper is the following.

While at all the meetings there was uttered much that was just and impressive, we cannot but say that at the anniversaries of the Anti-Slavery Societies there was probably more truth freely outspoken, which was applicable to the times, and meant for the moral sense of this nation, and the conscience of the church, than is often heard in the same space of time. There only, and at a Unitarian anniversary, did we hear the criminality of our present war characterized as it should be; and once at the Apollo Rooms, as we listened to the impressive and pungent remarks of Wendall Phillips concerning the relation of slavery to the church, we could but wish that every Christian, and every minister in the land could have heard them. If they might have found very much to condemn and deplore, as we did, in his warfare against the church, and the Union, and other extravagancies of the kind, yet we believe that there is no pulse of liberty in the heart of a true freeman that would not beat in unison with the speaker's, when, with a truly Roman eloquence, he gave expression to his own love of liberty and honest hate of slavery, especially in that form of it which Wesley called the vilest under the sun.

The influence of these great voluntary associations upon the benevolence, the energy and progress of the church, as well upon the moral character and the civilization of the country, is every year becoming more obvious and more decided. Their adaptation to do the work of the gospel in such a land as this, and to reach the wants of a people in such circumstances, and of such character as our own, is proving itself by the best of all arguments—success. Their yearly meetings are the mile-stones by which we ascertain our progress; and however common they have become, the whole community would feel their loss, were the gatherings of the anniversary week to be discontinued. We rejoice in their prosperity, and argue the best results to the best interests of church and of state from their progress and their influence.

## PAUL AT ATHENS.

Though Paul was a stranger there, he was not ignorant of the language, the history, or the philosophy of Athens. Jew as he was by descent, and learned as he was in the learning of his nation, by having studied at Jerusalem under Gamaliel, the language of Athens, as spoken on the opposite side of the Ægean in his native city of Tarsus, was his mother tongue not less than was the holy Hebrew; and in the schools of Tarsus, which almost rivalled in renown the schools of Athens itself, he had become acquainted with the literature and the boasted wisdom of the Greeks. He knew what Athens was; and though he could not but have something of a scholar's feeling there, he does not seem to have considered it a very eligible place for the prosecution of his work. Brought thither accidentally, as it were, while making his escape from the malice of the Thessalonian Jews, he was waiting for his associates, Silas and Timothy, to overtake him, having sent them word to come to him with all speed, apparently with the design of proceeding forthwith to some other place. But while he waited for them, "his spirit was stirred within him." I seem to see him moving along those streets with an impatient step. I see the restless spirit gleaming from his eye, as he looks on temples and statues the wonder of the world. I see the expressive working of his countenance, as he pauses in his walks, from time to time, to read the inscription on some old monumental altar—here one to *Zeus* —there one to *Athene*—and there another "to a god unknown." I see him going up by those long flights of marble steps that lead to the Acropolis; he stands before the Propylæa; he walks round the Parthenon; he looks down on the unrivalled beauty of the city and the plain; but it is not the outward and visible alone that fills his thoughts. He thinks to what gods these glorious structures are devoted. He thinks what worship is offered at those altars by souls created for the knowledge and the service of God. He remembers that in the centuries that have passed since Socrates here argued and died for common sense, philosophy, in all its schools, and with all its wranglings, has done nothing to dethrone these idols, nothing to make the myriads of Attica acquainted with that invisible and holy One whose eternal power and godhead shine through all the frame of the created world. He thinks of the mission in the performance of which he has been brought to Athens; and as the great ideas and facts that are every where the burden of his preaching, rise to his mind amid the exbiting associations of the place—as he remembers him in whom "God is manifest in the flesh;" him "in whom we have redemption through his blood, the forgiveness of sins according to the riches of his grace;" Christ "raised from the dead," and exalted "far above principality, and power, and might, and dominion, and every name that is named not only in this world, but also in that which is to come," —as he muses on "the heavenly vision" that summoned him to be Christ's "minister and witness," and the voice that said to him, "I send thee to the people and to the Gentiles, to open their eyes, and to turn them from darkness to light, and from the power of Satan to God, that they may receive forgiveness of sins and inheritance among them who are sanctified, by faith that is in me,"—the fire burns within him; and he says to himself, "I am under obligation both to the Greeks and to the Barbarians, both to the wise and to the unwise;" "I am not ashamed of the gospel of Christ, for it is the power of God to salvation to every one that believeth, to the Jew first and also to the Greek." No! Christ himself hath brought him hither; here he is under Christ's commission; and here, amid the pride and atheism of this vain philosophy, here amid the splendor of this inveterate and bigoted idolatry, he will preach Christ's gospel.

Accordingly he enters into the synagogue, as he was wont to do in other cities; and there he raises discussions with his Jewish brethren. There too, as in the synagogues of other cities, he meets those inquiring Israelites who, renouncing the idolatry of their fathers and acknowledging the God of Israel, had not yet put themselves within the pale of Judaism—those "devout" yet unproselyted men, whose existence as a class indicated the influence of Moses and the prophets already diffusing itself throughout the Gentile world. But these efforts in the synagogue are not enough to satisfy the activity of his spirit. At Athens, he attempts what he does not appear to have attempted any where before. He goes directly into the Forum, where all sorts of people met for all sorts of business, and which was naturally the resort of all who were inquiring after something new; and there addressing himself to the Gentiles who knew nothing of the Jewish Scriptures, he begins to teach by entering into free discussion with such as gathered around him to hear, or to dispute,—just as Socrates had taught upon the same spot four hundred years before. The garden of Epicurus, and the picture gallery of the Stoics were near the Forum; and as the report went abroad in the crowd that a new philosopher—a stranger with something of a foreign accent in his elocution, but with great vehemence and sublimity in his discourse—was teaching there, the followers of those opposite systems of philosophy most naturally encountered him; the Epicureans with characteristic gibes,—the Stoics, with more gravity, taking up the argument against him, that he was introducing foreign gods in opposition to the established religion of the state. [Rev. Dr. Bacon.

## RE-INSTITUTION OF THE AFRICAN SLAVE TRADE BY THE BRITISH GOVERNMENT.

It is known by our readers generally that the British Government, acting under the influence of the West India interest, has been in the habit, for many years past, of importing laborers into the islands, under certain restrictions and regulations. The reason assigned was, the alleged deficiency of labor, consequent upon emancipation. Most strenuously has this policy been opposed by the committee of the British and Foreign Anti-Slavery Society, because these schemes of colonial immigration were "based on the grossest injustice the emancipated classes, inhuman in relation to the emmigrants, and injurious and immoral in their bearing on the whole population." The committee has contended, on good ground, that the demand for foreign labor was factitious, not real. The employers, or planters, were unwilling to give fair wages, and too thriftless to manage their estates wisely. By securing an excess of labor, they could dictate the price, and thus hold the peasantry at their mercy.

The supply of foreign labor has heretofore been drawn from the East Indies, from Sierra Leone, and captured slavers. But the Hill Coolie immigration is turning out a failure. It is too costly. The liberated negroes of Sierra Leone can scarcely be persuaded to emigrate, and the slaves recovered from captured slavers are not enough to supply the demands of the planters. The result is, the opening of a new source of supply on the western coast of Africa. The Government has resolved to provide a steamer belonging to the royal navy to proceed from Sierra Leone to the Kroo coast, and thence alternately to the colonies of the British Guiana and Trinidad, with such emigrants as may be procurable. The steamer is reputed to be of 1,059 tons burden, 280 horse power, and manned by 80 seamen. The extreme number of passengers she can carry is estimated at 316, and the number of voyages to be made annually is six. Should the experiment prove successful it will doubtless be extended to the other colonies.

It is said that the Kroomen are free, and it is proposed, of course, that the immigration shall be voluntary. But the anti-slavery committee points out such features in it as show that it will prove to be in fact only a modified slave trade. In an address to the British public, they say that the new project contemplates stringent laws, compelling immigrants, whether Coolies or Africans, to engage in agricultural labor only, under the penalty of a pool tax of 5*s.* a month, payable in advance, from month to month, to the Government; and subjecting them, conditionally, to vexations stamp duties, and a heavy demand for passports, without which they will not be permitted, under any pretence whatever, to leave the colonies into which they have been imported for the space of five years. All fines that may be incurred for non-payment of tax or stamp duty, or which may be levied upon the immigrants for the benefit of their employers, if not duly paid, will expose them to imprisonment, *with hard labor*, at the rate of one day for every sixpence of such fines.

Such laws are abominable. They certainly look as if intended to prepare the way for the reduction of the laborer to a state of real slavery. What is more, they are *retrospective* in operation, including all immigrants from Africa or India whose period of residence has not reached five years at the time of its enactment. When we recollect the abject ignorance and partial imbecility of these poor strangers, it is obvious at once that they are placed entirely at the mercy of the planters.

With respect to the emancipated laborers, says the committee, they are to be brought under a complicated system of implied contracts. It will be impossible for any of them to work upon a plantation without finding himself bound to serve for a month, terminable only by a fortnight's notice.

Ultimately, too, the entire expenses of these schemes of immigration are borne by the colonies, the emancipated classes being the chief parties taxed for that purpose—taxed to pay for the importation of foreign labor, to cheapen their own labor, and secure to the employers despotic control over all the laborers!

In none of these schemes of immigration is provision made for the introduction of an equal number of females, "although the disparity already existing among the immigrants is perfectly frightful." It is easy to imagine the horrible depravity which must follow such a state of things. The important laborers are mere pagans, godless, stupid, and immoral. What must be the influence exerted by them over the masses of laborers recently emancipated from the degradation of slavery! The British Government seems to have not the slightest thought of their welfare. Its one idea is the increased wealth of the planter, and the augmentation of colonial exports.

The Kroomen to be imported are said to be free, but the committee denies this. They may not be slaves, it says, in an absolute sense, but they are, beyond all doubt, bondmen.

"They are not in a condition to enter into contracts for labor independently of their chiefs or headmen; they cannot leave their country without their permission. It is, therefore, the practice to obtain their concurrence by presents, the advance of wages, or other advantages; and it is invariably the case that a considerable portion of the earnings of the Kroomen, on their return home, goes into the same hands. Their wives never accompany them. Though there are usually six or seven thousand Kroomen at Sierra Leone, and some of their headmen with them, not a single case was ever known of a wife being brought thither. They it is believed, are kept as hostages, to secure their return. Their wives are slaves in the most abject sense.

Such being the case, the committee cannot but regard this new mode of supplying the colonies with laborers as the commencement of a modified slave trade, which they believe to be more dangerous in its character and consequences, from its taking the character of a free immigration from Africa, and from its having the direct sanction of Government."

The policy of the British Government in this matter is short-sighted, disgraceful, and dangerous. We rejoice that the British and Foreign Anti-Slavery Committee has appealed to the British people; but no effectual safeguard against the tyranny of the West India interest, and the heartlessness of the Home Government, will be provided till the emancipated laborers in the colonies acquire the political ascendency. When they can legislate for themselves, they will be safe, and not before. [National Era.

## WANT OF CHARITY.

The celebrated Wesley has given his views of such injustice among christians, in the following characteristic manner: "Are you persuaded you see more clearly than I? It is not unlikely that you may. Then, treat me as you would desire to be treated yourself upon a change of circumstances. Point me out a better way than I have yet known. Show me it is so, by plain proof of scripture. And if I linger in the path I have been accustomed to tread, and therefore am unwilling to leave it, labor with me a little, take me by the hand, and lead me as I am able to bear. But

greatest part of mankind, who came to all their principles the same way. Perhaps we were led into particular notions by the authority of persons whom we reverence or love; then we should not upbraid our neighbors, that have been influenced into different sentiments by the same springs. Perhaps we have felt interest sometimes ready to bias our thoughts, and give us a secret inclination or aversion to a party; let us then pity the frailty of human nature, and have compassion upon men whose judgments are exposed to so mean a bribery, and sometimes have been warped aside from the truth. Or finally, perhaps deep meditation, a daily search into scripture, and fervent prayer were the methods by which we pursued knowledge, and established our principles upon solid reason. Let us then be so charitable to those whom we contend with, as to suppose they sought after truth the same way."

"The true reason why we kindle our anger against our Christian brethren that are not entirely of our party is, because we not only have the vanity to fancy ourselves always in the right, and them in the wrong; but we judge their consciences and their sincerity too, that they did not come honestly and fairly by their principles, while we never consider how we ourselves came by our own."

Thus this ardent advocate of "orthodoxy and charity united" proceeds to examine into other sources of this unchristian spirit; such as perverting "the principles of those that dissent from us," so as to "be sure to find some terrible absurdity at the end of them;" making "every punctilio of our own scheme a fundamental point;" seeking "the applause of a party, and the advance of self-interest;" and "fixing upon some necessary and special point in Christianity, and setting it up in opposition to the rest." And finally he mentions as the most common cause of uncharitableness, that a great part of the professors of our holy religion make their heads the chief seat of it, and scarce ever suffer it to descend and warm their hearts.—While they boast of their orthodox faith they forget their Christian love."

But Dr. Watts instructs us by his example still more than by his precepts. He was as anxious to preserve in his own breast the sacred flame of charity as to kindle it in others." To this end, by his own account, he studied and labored, watched and prayed. "I confess," says he, "now and then some opinions, or some unhappy occurrences are ready to narrow and confine my affections again, if I am not watchful over myself. But I pray to God to preserve upon my heart a lasting remembrance of those days and those studies, whereby he laid within me the foundation of so broad a charity." If we labor, like him, for this crowning grace of the Christian life, we may be sure to enjoy, as he did, the delightful persuasion that Christians of widely different opinions may be equally sincere, and that many of them may travel abreast in the road to heaven. "Though they do not trace precisely the same track, yet all look to the same savior Jesus, and all arrive at the same common salvation. And though their names may be crossed out of the records of a particular church on earth, where charity fails, yet they will be found written in the Lamb's book of life, which is a record of eternal love, and shall forever be joined to the fellowship of the catholic church in heaven."


# CHRISTIAN REGISTER.

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## RATIONALISM.

We have just been reading a little book of 88 pages, on Orthodoxy and Rationalism, evidently written in a good spirit. The author, Frederick Munch, was educated in Germany, became attached to the New School, or rational view of Christianity, was settled there as a clergyman, but in 1834 came to this country, and is now living in Warren County, Missouri, being "occupied at the same time as a farmer, teacher, preacher, and co-editor of a German religious paper." His book is written in a plain style, and in support of his peculiar views, which are given in the following articles:—

1. There is a primitive, or original revelation in man's rational nature; *education, instruction, and study can have no other object than to develop the inborn truth.*

2. History, though it shows innumerable errors of human reason, yet on the whole discloses a progress of our race in developing the inborn light.

3. There have been historical events more eminently calculated for the advancement of truth and enlightenment; the Mosaic institution was such a one, yet imperfect and adapted to the state of intellectual culture at that time.

4. The establishment of Christianity is the most consummate and perfect effort recorded by history to develop the eternal truths, and has been followed by greater results than any other known. Its author, the wisest amongst the wise, and purest amongst the good, the most exalted in spiritual vigor, is entitled to lasting gratitude and admiration.

5. Unadulterated Christianity is in strict conformity with the dictates of enlightened reason, is the fullest revelation thereof, can never be supplied by any other doctrine of human invention, and will, even though its name should be forgotten, in all ages to come form the substance of the convictions of the wisest and best of men.

6. The belief of a Supreme Being and a future life, together with the obligation of moral behaviour, is the substance of all Religion.

7. Religious forms and rites are of a temporal, in part national character, and may change; the truth is eternal.

8. Our holy books are to be interpreted according to the same rules applied to other remnants of antiquity.

9. *All conceptions of supernatural events and performances are to be attributed to deficiency of clearsightedness in the observer, narrator, and believer, in taking the extraordinary for the miraculous.*

10. All men have a right, and it is their duty, to think for themselves, and live according to their own candid convictions; there ought to be no compulsion in religious matters, no hatred, no denunciation, not even violent disputes; truth must eventually triumph by its intrinsic superiority and strength.

To what is contained in most of these articles we readily assent. The inherent error, which runs through and destroys the whole system, is contained in the second clause of the first article. "There is a primitive or original revelation in man's rational nature." In one sense this is true; but when the author goes on to say, that "education, instruction and study can have no other object than to develop the inborn truth," he states what is at variance alike with the simple dictates of common sense and with the profoundest principles of philosophy. "Education &c. can have no other object than to develop the *inborn truth.*" "What *inborn truth* is developed in the child's mind by geography? The fact that France lies within such and such parallels of latitude, &c., is that an inborn truth, waiting only to be developed by education? The mind unquestionably has certain fundamental ideas, born with it and to be developed by education, but to say that education "can have *no other* object than to develop the inborn truth," is neither more nor less than to utter a monstrous absurdity.

The mind is capable of becoming acquainted with the works of nature, by intercourse with which certain ideas are awakened within it, while at the same time a revelation of external objects is made to it from without. The sense of beauty may be an innate idea, awakened or developed by the presence of external objects, while the particular form and color of those objects are revealed to us from without. They are not innate ideas developed within, but knowledge communicated to us as sentient beings, from without. Through this double process the whole work of education is carried on. *Our minds are unfolded within*, or in transcendental phrase, *the inborn truth is developed mainly through communication of impressions from without.* The senses are wonderful inlets through which external things are permitted to come in and exercise a most important influence upon the mind. We are acted upon, as seed in the earth is acted upon by moisture, heat and other quickening influences; but at the same time, beyond that, we are sentient beings, and actually take cognizance of what is going on without and beyond us. Nay, through our perception of what is without us, of objects and influences which have their origin without us, is the main business of education carried on within us. Hence the vast importance of outward things in education. But the bare existence of outward things is nothing to us, unless we have some knowledge of them. Hence the great importance, in education, of an acquaintance with outward things, or, in other words, with facts which constitute no part of our own inward experience. This knowledge of facts is communicated to us partly through our senses and partly from the testimony of others, so that our knowledge spreads itself out through the avenues of other men's senses, and our minds are improved and enlarged, or in other words, developed, not only by what we have seen and felt ourselves, but by what has been seen and felt by all men.

Cutting off all that we learn from others, in any one branch of knowledge, we reduce ourselves to almost entire ignorance of it. Confined to our own personal knowledge, what should we know of history, of geography, of natural science? The mind, in each one of these branches, is developed mainly by what it learns from the observation of others. Our own personal knowledge in many things is barely sufficient to enable us to understand what others are ready to impart. Our minds are enriched mainly through their instructions.

And as in all other things, so in religion. There is the innate sentiment of reverence, without which there could be to us no such thing as religion. This sentiment or idea lies at the basis of all religion in man's nature. But its developement depends upon the external influences which are brought to act upon it. And no external influence is so important as the views of the divine nature which are presented to the mind from childhood up. But whence do these views come? Are they born in the mind? Has the child, before he is taught, any clear conceptions of God? Nothing more than the vague sentiment of reverence. In the progress of mind, some better ideas may gradually dawn upon it, but the general experience of the race shows not only how hard it is for man of himself to attain to any just conceptions of God, but how extremely difficult it is for him to keep up to the highest conceptions which have been presented to him. Hence the importance of a revelation of the divine nature. And not only this, but, hence also, the importance of holding this revelation up in such a way, as to awaken man's attention, and call forth his deepest reverence. Now has this revelation been made? Certainly it has. On this point there is no difference of belief between us and the rationalists. "The belief," says our author, "of a Supreme Being and a future life, together with the obligation of moral behavior, is the substance of all religion."

But how have we attained to this belief? By the natural development of the mind itself, he would reply. But on this theory, how happened it, that in one of the most exclusive and bigoted countries in the world, a poor, uneducated man suddenly broke through all the influences of education and habit, and announced a system of faith and moral duty so lofty, so pure, so universal, that with our further development of eighteen centuries, we have not yet come up to a full comprehension of its greatness? How can this be explained on any theory of development?

We believe, that God, by a miraculous dispensation, has revealed himself to the world through Jesus Christ. But, says our author, "all conceptions of *supernatural* events and performances are to be attributed to a deficiency of clear sightedness in the observer, narrator and believer, in taking the extraordinary for the miraculous." And again, "What does all this talk about the insufficiency of human reason mean? I, for one, entertain too lofty ideas of the Creator's wisdom to believe that he called man into existence, not endowing him with all the necessary capacities to attain the high destination he was made for. It is the manner of a bungler to amend and correct, after the work is done. The skilful artist will finish his at once. Revelation, in the orthodox meaning, is only such a poor amendment to a work subsequently thought to be defective." But how do we know that this miraculous revelation was not an original part of the grand system? What right have we to say that it was only an after-thought?

Again our author says, "Has God so defectively and improvidently regulated this world as to be under the necessity in some cases—which must be thought unforeseen—of changing and interrupting the ordinary course of nature? A similar and continuous agency of that Spirit who watches all things, shines through history from its beginning; but miraculous interferences never occurred; interruptions of nature's everlasting laws never were; never will be."

"Interruption of nature's *everlasting* laws"! Who knows that nature's laws are everlasting? Who can say that this outward universe is to fill anything more than a transient office in the eternal purposes of the Almighty? But allowing that these laws are everlasting. Is there nothing stronger than they, nothing to overrule their influence without interrupting their action, in particular cases? We lift a stone, and thus by muscular action overpower the influence of gravitation in that particular case. The law is not suspended, it still draws downward with its pound or twenty pound power, which we by our strength overcome. And may not he, who has formed us with so much strength, create another being with strength vastly beyond ours, so that he may call the dead to life by an effort as natural to him, as that by which we lift a stone is natural to us?

The whole treatment of the subject of miracles in this book seems to us exceedingly superficial. It does not at all go into the philosophy of the subject. It is the merest dogmatism—assertion without any basis of proof. It is taken for granted that there can be no such thing as a miracle and then everything else follows of course.

To those who are willing to study the subject and not take things for granted simply because they are said, we would recommend the book, as presenting clearly and in a short compass the views of modern rationalists and the grounds on which they rest. They will also find many good things. But of course they will receive its statements of fact, in all that relates to miracles, as of no sort of value, unless they admit the philosophical principle on which those statements are based and which is made to supersede all necessity of looking into the evidence of the case.

We are glad to have the question presented on its naked philosophical ground. It is only by mixing it up with other and irrelevant matters, that its advocates in this country succeed in making it at all attractive.

## THE TRINITY.

The following remarkable specimen of reasoning is from the Oberlin Quarterly Review, and from a man no less able and distinguished, than President Mahan himself.

MARK xiii: 32. But of that day, and *that* hour, knoweth no man, no, not the angels which are in heaven, neither the Son, but the Father."

"It is generally supposed, that one of two inferences must be drawn from this passage—that Christ is not omniscient, and therefore not the supreme God—or that the words, "neither the Son," must be understood as referring to the *human* instead of the *divine* spirit of Christ. The former is the construction adopted by those who deny, and the latter by those who affirm his divinity. We take the ground, waving the objection that might be urged that the reading is somewhat doubtful, that the term Son, as here used, does designate the *entire* nature of Christ, and that the passage thus understood, does not deny his divinity.

That the term Son, as here used, designates the entire nature of Christ, divine as well as human, is demonstrably evident from the fact, that the words, "the Son," are in this connection used to designate the Son, in distinction from "the Father." Universal usage is undeniably, and irreconcilably opposed to the supposition, that the words, "the Son," when employed, as in this connection in distinction, from those of "the Father" ever designate the human, in opposition to the divine spirit of Christ. If invariable Bible usage, if the laws of interpretation universally admitted as perfectly valid, do or can establish any thing, they undeniably establish the conclusion under consideration. We might, with the same propriety, affirm, that in the phrase, "baptizing them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost," the term Son designates the human in distinction from the divine Spirit of Christ, as in the passage under consideration. If the words, "the Son" ever designate the second person of the Trinity, they do this, when they designate the Son in distinction from the Father. A careful examination also of the manner in which the words, "the Son" in the sense of those of the Son of God, the sense in which they are used in this passage will clearly show that they never designate the human in distinction from the divine nature of Christ. We fully believe that an exception to this statement cannot be found in the Bible. On the other hand, the name, "Son of God," was given him with special reference not to his human but divine nature. "The Holy Ghost shall come upon thee, and the power of the Highest shall overshadow thee; therefore that holy thing" [holy one, or divine substance or existence,] "that shall be born of thee, shall be called the Son of God."

But Matt. 24: 36, puts the question before us perfectly at rest. There it is positively asserted, that the Father, to the exclusion of every other person, had possession of the knowledge under consideration, in the sense in which the term "knoweth" is here used. The evident object of Christ, in Matt. 24: 36, and Mark 13: 32, is to deny of every other person what He here asserts of the Father, in the sense in which He asserts it.

In what sense then, is it true, that Christ did not know "the day nor the hour" referred to? As God he was absolutely omniscient and consequently must have had knowledge full and distinct of this whole subject. Nor did the Apostles understand him, as in this sense asserting his ignorance of these events. For one of them soon after asserted his omniscience. "Lord thou knowest ALL THINGS." In what sense then, might Christ properly assert his want of knowledge of a given event, of the time of its occurrence, when in fact, as possessed of omniscience, He knew all about the matter? As God incarnate, as the Messiah, He was in the relation of strict and absolute subordination to the Father. He could communicate nothing to the world, but what, by a special communication from the Father, He was required to communicate. In his relations as Messiah, therefore, He could very properly affirm of all things not thus communicated to Him, but which he was required to conceal, "Of these things I know nothing." Suppose the government of this nation sends an embassador to a foreign court, with an express commission to communicate with them on given subjects, and at the same time to withhold all information on all other subjects. However well informed as a man in respect to the views of his government on these subjects last named, he might very properly say, when questioned in respect to them, "Of these subjects I know nothing." He would not in such a case, speak, nor according to universal usage of language, be understood to speak of his knowledge, in the absolute sense, but in his relations as embassador. So Christ when He had received special communication from the Father not to make known the day and the hour of a certain event, could very properly say that He has no knowledge on that subject."

We have not a word to say in reply to such reasoning as this. We are struck by it with silent amazement. It is attributing to God a degree of prudent Jesuitry absolutely appalling. If we once admit this as the true explanation, how can we ever know, that God speaks to us truly, that he has not some secret meaning in his own mind, the very opposite of that which appears upon the surface?

There are two ways, and only two, of sustaining the doctrine of the Trinity. One is to define it as a *modal* Trinity—as manifestations of God in three different ways—the Father, or Creator of all;—the Son in whom God showed himself with the fulness of his mercy and grace;—the Holy Spirit or sanctifying presence of God in the soul of the believer. To this we make no objection, but gladly receive it as true. The second method in which the doctrine of the Trinity may be maintained, is to view it altogether as a mystery—altogether beyond the reach of man's thoughts—to enter into no explanation, and carefully to abstain from giving any definition. Such a method cannot be overthrown. Assailants will find themselves attacking a cloud, and however their errors may penetrate, they cannot disperse it. To be sure we may say, "How do you know that this doctrine which you cannot define or understand is different from what we believe?" But the reply is, "We can say nothing to that. It is all a sacred mystery which we are bound to receive. You do not receive it, and therefore cannot be right." "But,' we may still urge, "You do not pretend to understand this matter, and in the nature of God as made known to us in the universe, in his word, and most of all in Christ, there is an infinity of being which we cannot comprehend. Now, may it not be, that in that vast region of the divine nature, unknown alike to us both, there may be enough in common, to cause that our views after all may perfectly harmonise?" "We know nothing of that," is the reply. "Great is the mystery of Godliness. The holy mystery of the Trinity, you do not receive, and without it Christianity is lost. We can hold no argument with you on Christian grounds; for the first article of our faith you reject."

All that we can say in reply to the doctrine of a Trinity such as this, is, that we cannot understand, and therefore can neither receive nor reject it. It may be true, or it may not. But whether true or not, we find no authority in the Scriptures for laying such stress upon it.

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If we have ever expressed a feeling of unkindness to any one, we have been sure to repent of it almost before the day is past; and if at any time we have sunk so low as to look with envy or jealousy upon another, this feeling has almost always been turned into one of tenderness and compassion. The most prosperous have trials enough to move our pity, especially if they have done wrong; and those towards whom we feel most severe, may yet live to be our benefactor and friends.

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In order to meditate, we must retire from ourselves not less than from the world. Our own loose thoughts and wishes shut out all communion with subjects of the highest interest as effectually as a noisy companion or the confusion of the street. We have often found a large party the place best fitted to solemn thought, the frivolities around us naturally suggesting the sort of life best suited to immortal beings. And yet we love to have the young engage in innocent and even noisy amusements, and believe that God is better served by a happy than a repining spirit.

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Heaven must be a dull place, if filled only with such saints as we sometimes meet.

## NEW YORK CORRESPONDENCE.

NEW YORK, June 7, 1847.

DEAR SIR:—It has appeared to me one of the great mistakes into which the preachers of all denominations fall, often perhaps unconsciously, namely, a habit of reliance upon the peculiarities of their denominational system,—a constant reference to those peculiarities and a steady effort to promote that system, which always shows itself to the hearer. If I go to a Presbyterian church, in ninety nine cases out of a hundred, I hear sermons the whole drift of which is the inculcation of the Calvinistic system of belief—here and there through the discourse are hits and flings at opposing systems—then again are explanations to show the agreement of one part of the sermon with another part of the preaching creed, and then there is an ingenious argument to show how the point in hand links in with and supports the Calvinistic scheme: in short the preacher's system is "first, last, midst," in his mind and in the mind of his audience—it is ever before them. So in the Methodist church, the system held there maintains a like prominence. So in the Baptist their peculiar views of the mode and subject of the ordinance of baptism are uppermost. And so of all the rest, with only here and there an exception.

Now the practical effect of this constant advocacy and jealous guardianship of systems and peculiarities of faith and rituals, is, as it appears to me, not to make men better, more devout, more benevolent, more humble, or more holy. They may become more expert and acute in discussing theories and creeds and better informed in polemic theology. But there is no adaptation and no tendency in such preaching to raise and expand the affections, and engage the heart in communion with its Maker and in fellowship with man.

All experience shows that the mind may be intensely engaged in theological speculations and thoroughly conversant with all the shades and niceties of doctrinal opinion, while the moral and spiritual nature is wholly unaffected. Milton's friends could reason about free-will, foreknowledge and fate, and yet plot the ruin of unsuspecting innocence and contrive the misery of unborn generations. Voltaire is said to have been intimately acquainted with the Bible, and yet with all his knowledge of its sublime truths deliberately sought the subversion of Christianity, and respecting its founder was accustomed to exclaim, "Let us crush the wretch."

Experience then shows that the contemplation and idolatry of systems of belief may leave the heart and the moral man unchanged and unwarned by any religious sentiment. And yet in the preaching above referred to the system of the preacher is the end—its inculcation and reception is, in fact, the ultimate object aimed at and accomplished. And what is worse, the people too commonly consider the end of hearing to be the acceptance of the theory presented to them, and a readiness to contend earnestly, even to wrangling, for the maintenance and propagation of their idolized system is held to be religious in its sum total. What some persons mean by promoting religion, is simply advancing their peculiar views—for any one to embrace these views is to embrace religion.

These remarks fitly introduce the last observation I have to offer respecting Dr. Dewey's preaching, namely, that it is remarkably characterised by freedom from all appearance of anxiety to mould his hearers' minds in the model of a favorite creed. You feel while hearing him that you are in a new atmosphere, an atmosphere fresh, clear and bracing, in which the mind may breathe freely, and dictate itself without the fear of coming in collision with some creed or confession of faith, or other frame-work reared around the gospel of Christ and the free human spirit. You feel while listening to his sermons not that you are undergoing a process of initiation into the mysteries of some dark and gloomy and unearthly system, but that you are led forth into green pastures and by still waters, where the soul is refreshed and where its spiritual tastes and longings are quickened, strengthened and qualified. You feel in no special peril because conscious that your tongue cannot pronounce the *h* in Shibboleth; you are lost in no fog of metaphysical verbiage; you are bewildered by no thunder clap of denunciation for not understanding or doubting some theory of the preacher. You do not in short, regard yourself as in a school of polemical divinity, but in a fine open field, genial sun beams shining upon it, and healthful breezes fanning you, and surrounded by a band of brothers, each conscious that he has a work to do, and the pastor is looked to for advice, direction and example in its performance.

Let me imagine that a congregation of people have assembled to inquire what is religion? that thing of which we hear so much and see so little; that much abused, much perverted, much wrangled about, and to most people that very mysterious, unintelligible thing which men call Religion?"—And let us imagine Dr. Dewey standing up among them to reply to their question; What would he say? Something like this, if I may judge from what he has said in similar circumstances: "Believe me, my friends, this religion you inquire about, is no abstract matter. It touches the vital ideas of human welfare. It concerns what is most practical, most momentous. But alas, by many of you it is regarded without doubt and fear and misgiving, not with love or enthusiasm or admiration. It is not fair loveliness or beauty, but a dark enigma. It is not the supreme excellence, but the supreme necessity. It is not intelligently sought, but blindly wished for. Alas! it is hard enough to get men to pursue the true excellence when they are plainly told what it is. But here is a dread barrier on the very threshhold, and they cannot proceed a single step. They can do nothing till they are converted; they know not what it is to be converted, and they wait for the initiative to come from heaven, not knowing that, to be converted is, with heaven's help, to begin, to take the first determined step and the second, and thus to go onward; to begin upon the ground of what they actually know, and thus to go on to perfection. Religion, the beauty of the world; that which mingles as their pervading spirit with the glory of the heavens and the loveliness of nature; that which breathes in the affections of parents and children, and in all the good affections of society; that which ascends in humble penitence and prayer to the throne of God; this is no mystic secret. It is to be good and kind, penitent and pure, temperate and self-denying, patient and prayerful, modest and gentle, generous and loving, as thou knowest how to be; loving in reverent thoughts of the good God, and in kind thoughts of all his children. It is so plain that he who runs may read. "For what doth the Lord require of thee but to do justice, and to love mercy, and to walk humbly with thy God."

In such terms would Dr. Dewey answer the supposed inquiry, believing that "the great mission of the true teacher in this age is to establish the identity of religion and goodness," and from such an exhibition no mind need retire in perplexity.

Truly yours,

CRITO.

For the Register.

## SUNDAY SCHOOLS.

These remarks have been more particularly intended for those inexperienced in teaching, and those who may be undecided about taking a class in a Sunday School. I consider the good received by a teacher, both as a dicipline for the mind, and as tending to lead to a train of serious thought and study as very great. And of itself a sufficient reward, if reward were needed for assuming the charge. To those who are in doubt on the subject, and have half made up their minds to take a class because they are *too good natured* to say no—to such I would say, do not take a class unless you are willing not only to give your whole attention and interest, during the time that is weekly devoted to the exercises; but also to employ a portion (a small portion if you will,) of your time in preparing yourself in such a manner that you can hardly fail of interesting your scholars.

It is astonishing what a difference only *an hour* weekly devoted to the careful study of the subject in hand, will make, not only in the increased interest which the teachers themselves will feel, but in their ability to interest their pupils.

I would caution teachers against the danger of following in one beaten track, Sunday after Sunday, causing a child to commit to memory a chapter or part of a chapter; in which case it will be too often found that more attention has been given to the *sound* than to the *meaning* of the words.

Full encouragement should be given for the free inquiry on the part of the children, as it leads them to look at the subject in a different light, than they otherwise would.

Let me urge upon your attention, the great importance of constant and regular attendance, together with the utmost punctuality. It cannot be expected of children to feel that interest and give the attention necessary to their own improvement, if they constantly have a change of teachers, and every two or three Sundays, have their thoughts withdrawn from the lesson, by some strange face in the place of their accustomed teacher. Nor can it be expected of children to feel the importance of punctuality, if they see their teachers in the habit of being *tardy*. And all will, I think, agree with me in calling the evil of having the exercises constantly interrupted by the late entrance of teachers, no slight one.

A.

For the Register.

## AN ANNIVERSARY NINETY SIX YEARS AGO.

"The following is from the Gentleman's Magazine for 1753, published in London. It is interesting to note the changes which have taken place in the customs and manners of our city since that day. There was I believe, about this date, in Boston, a school in which the art of spinning was taught. But to the extract.

"Boston, N. E. August 8th, 1753.

This being the annual meeting of the Society for encouraging industry, and employing the poor, the Rev. Mr. Cooper preached an excellent sermon before them, and a vast assemblage of other persons of all ranks and denominations; and after the sermon £ 453 old tenor, was collected (besides the subscription money of the society) for the further promoting that laudable undertaking. In the afternoon about 300 spinners, all neatly dressed, and many of them daughters of the best families in town, appeared on the Common, and being placed orderly in three rows at work, made a most delightful appearance. The weavers also, cleanly dressed in garments of their own weaving, with a loom and a young man at work, on a stage erected for that purpose, carried on men's shoulders attended by musick, preceded the society and a long train of other gentlemen of note, both from town and country, as they walked in procession to view the spinners; and the spectators were very numerous."

How many different scenes have been enacted on the Common since it was the ground of the Indian. At one time we hang the Quakers—again we note the beautiful scene above described. The glories of Independence are thundered forth from the cannon's mouth, and anon that of a victory over the Mexicans, or some political victory, gained by the illegal votes of foreign paupers or the shuffling dishonesty of political demagogues.

At that day our ladies there spun linen and woollen, now they spin another kind of yarn, not upon the Common, but in the neighboring streets. Have we advanced in all that can civilize and improve our race for the last century or two? I think not in *all*.

We still are doing for the poor, our "Ministry" to that class is a crowning glory of our city. Here this ministry was first suggested and commenced, and it has caused other cities to follow the example of Boston. We do not find "the daughters of the best families in town" spinning or weaving upon that beautiful spot nor at their own homes, but the advance and improvement we have made in the machanic and manufacturing arts have done away with the necessity of this, and other channels of industry and usefulness are left for our ladies. In this respect a change has come over us for good; wealth is multiplied, employment furnished by which the occasion for charity may perhaps in a measure be done away with, while the means of charity are increased, and it is delightful to see how much is now doing by our ladies in their sewing circles and in other ways—still I fear in many respects we have reason to sigh for the days of "auld lang syne." We have not that simple, plain, stern and uncompromising puritanical principle in our community that once existed. True we have ceased to hang the innocent Quaker, or to wage war and death against witches (or innocent individuals suspected as such)—but we have and are waging at this time a war as horrible as that. We have made wonderful advances in all that tends to afford the luxuries of life—but have we made equal moral advances? But I did not make this extract as a text on which to found a discourse or enter into a moral discussion, but as an interesting memento of former days. It would be interesting to know what changes may be wrought in another century in this our city, and in the world; but it is of the greatest interest to us to consider that before another century shall have elapsed, we shall all have passed from these earthly scenes, we shall have been changed ourselves, and that *charity*, doing good to others as we have opportunity, and a strife for the advancement of our race in every good word and work, is the true way of disciplining and preparing ourselves to inhabit that world where true charity must be a reigning principle of the soul.

D.

For the Register.

## WINTER LECTURES IN PROVIDENCE.

In March, Mr. Hall gave the last of a series of lectures which he had been delivering during the Winter on Infidelity, or "Belief and Unbelief." We have waited, hoping that some one among those who composed the several large audiences of interested and instructed listeners, would have seen fit to send a notice of the lectures to this journal, but seeing none we venture to furnish such ourselves.

We wish to see more encouragement given in the different parishes of the denomination to courses of lectures like these. More benefit we believe is derived from them than beforehand some are inclined to suppose. There is a sufficient want in cities and considerable towns of more frequent Sunday evening services, which lectures can most profitably supply. The times are fruitful of themes pertaining to the great moral questions and benevolent enterprises of the day; and while so many avow scruples,—which we consider over-nice—about the propriety of having such topics introduced into the ordinary Sunday discourses, the evening certainly affords opportunity most fit, as all must own, for presenting and discussing them.

Mr. Osgood has acted in conjunction with Mr. Hall, in Providence in the lectures of the past winter, each delivering one alternately. Mr. Osgood began several years ago, and indeed with great success has continued, his house being always well filled, and sometimes crowded, the attendance varying according to the attractiveness of the subject.

Mr. Hall began with noticing the first forms of Infidelity as it appeared in the early Church, and traced it in its various exhibitions in antique, mediæval, and modern times, in the lives and writings of noted freethinkers, sceptics and scoffers, and finally improved the occasion, to utter his condemnation of its more recent modified phase, not less dangerous in its tendency and direct influence, because more specious and alluring. In successive passages of forcible eloquence, he urged by arguments drawn from human experience, and a necessity in the nature of man for a religious faith, the duty of fidelity to the Christian system as the only foundation for a sure hope. In the outward and inward conflicts and vicissitudes of life, man must sink or fall, without the solace it affords, and the trust it awakens; and the blessedness of a simple and single, but strong and living faith, none may know, but those who experience. It was urged upon all to give more diligent heed to the things which make for present and future peace. It is good that men's minds by such appeals should be called off from conversing with material objects, and the too exclusive pursuit of temporal interests, to the solemn consideration of divine things.

At the end of the services as the choir performed with thrilling power that sublime Te Deum of Darley's, many hearts, we know, were stirred and lifted. It seemed to be a fit close for a series of evenings of high discourse. We shall not soon forget the impression we received. We can only ask for ourselves and others that we may enjoy other similar seasons.

J.

For the Register.

MR. EDITOR.—The object of my reply to the article signed 'A,' in your paper of the 22d ult., was to correct its misrepresentation as to the exclusion of certain persons from the communion of the Ch. in Hollis st. It is now apparent from A's own showing, that this *was* a misrepresentation. Excommunication was expressly disclaimed. With what follows, I hope to leave the subject.

First, The word 'assumed,' in my former article, indicated as is well known to those most concerned, that the legal validity of S. U's. title to the Treasureship he claims is disputed. Second, There are ways in which a point of law may be incidentally 'sustained' without a general 'adjudication' of a case involving many points beside; and that I was right, and have not only the assurance of my own ears, but the oral and written assurance of eminent counsel in the case. Third, The principle of distinction applied to others was not applied to A., as it well might have been, before the second meeting of the Ch., and this forbearance is made a topic of censure.

D. F. jr.

*** The papers state that Rev. Amos Smith has given notice of his intention to resign his office as colleague Pastor with Dr. Parkman of the New North Church in this city.

## NEW PUBLICATIONS.

NEW ENGLAND HISTORICAL AND GENEALOGICAL REGISTER, No. 2.

We have read this number with great interest and satisfaction, and are more than ever impressed with a sense of the value of such a work. It evinces the most careful research, and by its apparently dry statements brings before us the olden times more vividly than could be done by any elaborate composition. We welcome the work, and trust that there will be found taste enough for it in our community to sustain it.

CHAMBERS's ENCYCLOPEDIA OF ENGLISH LITERATURE.

After what we have said in its favor we need only mention the name of this work, which we have received to No. 10.

MORNING AND EVENING MEDITATIONS for every day in a month.

We are pleased to see this little work by Miss Carpenter republished here. We have not had time to read and ponder it, as we should in order to understand fully its merits. But we have lingered long enough by its still waters to feel that it was good to be there. Perhaps its tone is a little too sombre, but we like its spirit, and believe it will prove an excellent closet companion for those who will faithfully use it.

LITTELL's LIVING AGE, 159-160.

A pleasing variety of light and useful reading.

YOUNG AMERICAN's MAGAZINE. No. 3.

We are glad to be able to say, as we can with a clear conscience, that we think this a valuable periodical.

SOCIAL BLESSINGS OF AMERICANS. By Joseph Stevens Buckminster.

No word needs be said to recommend a sermon of Buckminster's. This is republished from his works and may in this form reach many who otherwise might not procure it. We quote its closing words, which cannot be too earnestly impressed on all.

"Our common prosperity, is, indeed, unexampled, but it is not out of the reach of injury.—While it lasts it is the duty of every man, to contribute what he can to preserve it. If you would advance the glory of your age, and make it worthy of being remembered by those who shall come after you, beware of the encroachments of luxury. Nothing will so much tend to make you insensible to the best gifts of Providence, and callous to the purest pleasures of life, as the love of noisy and frivolous distinctions, the pursuit of vicious pleasures, and the tyranny of fashion. Consider whether you do not contribute to the corruptions of the age, by an immoderate pursuit of amusement. Consider how easily the minds of those who are coming into life, are enfeebled and deluded by the doubtful examples of those whom they are taught to consider as giving the tone to the manners of the age.

To preserve our social pleasures in any good degree of purity, nothing will so much contribute as the cultivating a taste for domestic life and the quiet and affectionate pleasures which it affords. In such a state of society as ours, also, there is danger, lest the love of money, or of merely sensual pleasures, should overwhelm the rising generation. To obviate these evils, it is much to be desired, that the love of literature and of intellectual pursuits should be greatly encouraged; for, though the passion for knowledge is no proof of a principle of virtue, it is often a security against the vices and temptations of the world. Everything which you contribute to the institutions of sound learning, and to promote a correct and pious education, you contribute to the peace, the purity, and the glory of the age.

Once more, my friends; what a treasure of felicity you have in keeping! And by you it is to be bequeathed to those who are to be your successors, in a long posterity. Let your thoughts run on a few years in prospect, and can you endure to see those whom you have brought into life, whom you have trained up to fill your places and whose destiny you now influence, can you endure to see them spoiling this rich inheritance, and then reproaching your memories! Can you look, without remorse, and see them taking their places in society, depraved by your example, lost to virtue, to peace, and to heaven!

Do not think you have discharged your obligations, when you have laid up for them a perishable inheritance on earth, when you have given them a customary education, and set them up in life. Oh, no! God, who watches over our employment of his gifts, demands of you, not only that you dedicate your children to him, but that you implant in them his fear and love, that you furnish them with the only sure sources of happiness, by your lessons of piety, by your example at home and in public, and by your prayers with them and for them. Without this you may leave them the wealth of the world, and it will only curse them; you may leave the rank, the glory, the reputation of their fathers, and it will only render them the decorated victims of the indignation of Heaven. Consider, then, what obligations to others your privileges impose upon you. Walk within your houses with a perfect heart. Make them the nurseries of godliness. Resolve, that, from this day, you will not neglect this most solemn of your duties; and then, with a grateful heart, tell your friends what great things God has done for you."

## THE NORMAL SCHOOL AT NEWTON.

*To the Editor of the Boston Courier:*

The accompanying document was sent to the the editor of the Boston Recorder, on Monday, the 7th inst., for publication, and was refused a place in the columns of that paper.

Will you please to insert it in yours, of Thursday? By so doing, you will greatly oblige the young ladies of the school.

H. S. TEWKSBURY,
MARY E. FESSENDEN,
SARAH PAGE,
S. M. UNDERWOOD,
Committee.

West-Newton, June 8th, 1847.

At a meeting of the pupils of the West Newton State Normal School, held on Saturday, June 5th, 1847, the following preamble and resolutions were unanimously adopted, to be sent to the editor of the Recorder for publication.

We desire to have it understood, that we act in this matter, entirely upon our own responsibility, the Principal of the school being wholly unacquainted with our movements. The first that he, or any of the assistants, will see of this communication, will be in the columns of the Recorder.

Whereas several grave and unfounded charges appeared against our Principal, in the Recorder of June 3d, we feel called upon to deny the truth of said charges, before the public.

Resolved, That the most perfect and entire freedom of thought and inquiry is not only allowed but encouraged in this School, and that the sway of our Principal, far from resembling that of the Jesuits, is no greater than that which the master-mind of any literary institution would naturally hold over those who are daily receiving from his lips lessons of truth and wisdom, and who look up to him with the reverence and affection with which a child regards a beloved parent.

Resolved, That as journalizing forms one of the regular exercises of the School, and as the journals are written with the understanding that they are to be examined, at stated times, for the purpose of correction, the term private journal is a misnomer, and one which no member of the school ever thought of applying to them.

Resolved, That it was with honest indignation that we heard the beautiful and impressive prayer with which our Principal commends us to the care of our Heavenly Parent, and implores His blessing and guidance in our efforts for improvement; the reading of God's word for our instruction; our own songs of devotion and ascriptions of praise to the Almighty called a "*farce!*" That we consider this a slanderous imputation upon the piety of our Principal, and a wanton outrage upon the Christian feel-

ings of the whole School. Moreover, we regard as appropriate and beautiful the *exhortation*, not *prayer*, at the close of the school, "Live to the truth."

Resolved, That the conduct of *all* our teachers has been such as to inspire us with confidence and affection; that they labor to advance the cause of truth, and to promote the best interests of education; and that they merit our sincere gratitude for the kindness and patience with which they have borne our faults, and persevered in their endeavors to assist us in acquiring knowledge.

All honor to them for their goodness. That God may bless them as they deserve, is the earnest prayer of their pupils. God speed the right.

☞ The resolutions were accompanied by the signature of every pupil in the school; but we have thought it unnecessary to publish the names.

## THE FUNERAL OF THE LATE REV. DR. PEABODY.

The Funeral of the much lamented Pastor of the Unitarian Church, took place yesterday afternoon. It was an interesting, but mournful occasion. It was very generally attended by our citizens, without reference to denomination. All felt that a wise and good man, a friend to all, had departed; and religious prejudices were forgotten in doing homage to the memory of one, who in his life and practice knew none; one who regarded every fellow man as a brother, and every Christian as a companion, travelling to the same glorious haven of righteousness. Of him, may it be most truly said—"None knew him but to love him; none named him but in praise."

Agreeably to arrangements, the Society met at the house of the deceased at half past two, and accompanied the remains to the Church, as mourners. The Sunday School children also joined in the procession, as a distinct body. The Church was filled in every part, and numbers retired, unable to gain seats or admittance. Rev. Dr. Gannett of Boston, assisted by Rev. Henry F. Harrington, performed their religious services. After an Anthem the choir sung the Hymn, beginning

Spirit! leave thy house of clay!
Lingering dust, resign thy breath!
Spirit, cast thy chains away!
Dust, be thou dissolved in death!

After the reading of selections from the Scriptures, Dr. Gannett offered prayer—and then the Hymn was sung commencing

Servant of God! well done!
Rest from thy loved employ;
The battle fought, the victory won,
Enter thy Master's joy.

The funeral sermon by Dr. Gannett, which followed, was an eminently consoling and effective discourse, and embraced a beautiful tribute to the numerous excellencies and Christian character of Dr. Peabody. None could have listened to it without emotion or without benefit—and all must have felt the truth and force of his portrayment of the qualities that adorned the life of the deceased, and made him respected, loved and honored by all who knew him. The discourse will probably be published, and it will be treasured as a fit offering to the memory of the departed, as well as a beautiful and eloquent production.

The concluding Hymn was the following. This and the other two were selected by Mr. Peabody himself for a similar occasion, some years since, viz: the funeral of Dr. Howard, former Pastor of the First Congregational Church in this town.

Now let our mourning hearts revive,
And all our tears be dry;
Why should those eyes be drowned in grief
Which view a Savior nigh?

What though the arm of conquering Death
Does God's own house invade?
What though the faithful and the just
Be numbered with the dead?

Though all the faithful sleep in dust,
The aged and the young,
The watchful eye in darkness closed,
And mute the instructive tongue;

The heavenly Shepherd still survives,
New comfort to impart;
His eye still guides us, and his voice
Still animates the heart.

The procession was then formed and followed the corpse to the Cemetery. It was probably the largest funeral procession ever known in this town. The body was deposited by the side of his wife, a locality selected with particular care by the deceased, some time before his death. The well known hymn of *Watts*, commencing—"There is a land of pure delight," was sung before the open grave, and the throng of mourners slowly and sadly departed.

The shades of evening were closing around, as the final ceremonies ended. The Cemetery seemed more than usually beautiful and lovely, as it received among its tenants him, who was its projector, and whose chief delight was to develop its growing beauties, and sit among its shaded recesses, holding communion with the spirits of those dear to him, who had gone before to the Heaven above, and with whom he at lasts rests in glad communion.

[Springfield Republican.

## AMERICAN UNITARIAN ASSOCIATION.

Pursuant to notice given, a meeting of this body was held at the Chapel of the Church of the Saviour, at 12 o'clock Thursday, Hon. Stephen Fairbanks in the Chair.

After prayers had been offered by the Rev. Mr. Barrett, the Association proceeded to business, and adopted unanimously the act of incorporation passed at the last session of the Legislature.

On motion of the Rev. Mr. Lothrop, it was voted that all life members of the existing Association be regarded as such in the new Corporation.

A Committee of three—Rev. Samuel Barrett, Henry H. Fuller and George W. Warren, Esqs. was then appointed to report a code of by-laws. They submitted a draft, similar to that offered by the old Executive Committee, last week, with the amendments then voted at the general meeting, and, after some discussion, this was adopted.

Notices of three amendments to these by-laws, to be submitted to the next annual meeting of the Corporation, were given by as many gentlemen, and the amendments were laid over for a year, under the charter.

A committee was then appointed to collect the votes for officers, the list given last week was the result.

The following vote, submitted by Mr. F. Alger, was, agreeably to the by-laws of the Association, referred to the next annual meeting, viz:

That a subscription of one hundred dollars or more, shall constitute life membership, and also entitle the persons who severally contribute that sum, (when twenty have been obtained,) to elect by their own ballots, five of that number to be directors of this Association; these five to be elected annually, and, with the present officers chosen, to constitute the Executive Committee.

On motion to refer, by Rev. Mr. Whitman, Mr. David Reed offered an amendment to the above vote, to the effect that the five directors to be chosen out of the twenty subscribers, should be elected by the *Association*, at its annual meeting, instead of giving the power to the subscribers themselves. Mr. Alger assenting to this amendment, it was accepted, and the whole subject referred to the action of the next annual meeting.

On motion of the Rev. Mr. Barrett, the thanks of the Society were unanimously tendered to the Rev. Charles Briggs, for his acceptable and faithful discharge of the duties of Secretary for the last twelve years; and he was requested to act as Secretary *pro tem.*, till the Rev. Mr. Eliot should be ready to assume the office.

And then the Association adjourned.

## MASS. EVANGELICAL MISSIONARY SOCIETY.

The annual meeting of this Society was held on Thursday, May 27th. The following gentlemen were elected officers for the ensuing year:

*President*,—Hon. Richard Sullivan.
*Vice President*,—Rev. Charles Lowell, D. D.
*Secretary*,—Rev. Chandler Robbins.
*Treasurer*,—Nathaniel Thayer, Esq.
*Auditor*,—Peter Mackintosh, Esq.
*Trustees*,—Hon. Levi Lincoln, Hon. Hon. S. C. Phillips, Hon. Sidney Willard, Benjamin Guild, Esq., J. W. Foster, Esq., Rev. Francis Parkman, D. D., Rev. Samuel Barrett, Rev. Alonzo Hill, Rev. C. T. Thayer, Rev. A. P. Peabody, Rev. A. B. Wheeler, Peter Mackintosh, Esq.
*Executive Committee*,—Benjamin Guild, Esq., Rev. Francis Parkman, D. D., Rev. Samuel Barrett, Rev. A. P. Peaboby, Rev. Chandler Robbins, N. Thayer, Esq.

Rev. Ephraim Peabody was chosen to preach a sermon in aid of the objects and funds of the Society at the next anniversary.

A vote was passed expressing the respect and gratitude of the Society to the memory of the late Rev. Mr. Rogers, of Bernardston, Mass., who had for many years faithfully and efficiently discharged the duties of a Missionary, and whose many Christian graces commended him to the esteem and love of all who saw their manifestation, or felt their influence.

## MUNIFICENT DONATION TO HARVARD UNIVERSITY.

The Hon. Abbot Lawrence has generously contributed the sum of fifty thousand dollars to Harvard University, in aid of the department of Practial Science. We shall next week give the whole of Mr. Lawrence's letter to Mr. Elliot, Treasurer of Harvard University, as the best exposition that can be given of his object in this extraordinary act of munificence. Mr. Eliot's reply, and the resolutions passed by the Corporation we give below:

*June* 7, 1847.

My Dear Sir,—It gives me high and unmingled pleasure to be the agent of the Corporation in acknowledging the receipt of your magnificent donation to Harvard College. It is such acts as this, combining the intelligence of a sound and well-stored mind with the generosity of a heart sympathizing in all elevated purposes for the public good, which gives a reasonable foundation for the hope that the future character of the United States may be marked by improvement and progress. While your example shall be followed, and wealth shall be dispensed to relieve pressing want, and to educate the generations to come, society will be bound together by a perception of reciprocated benefits, and by a feeling of mutual attachment, and which are stronger than any other tie. You can congratulate yourself on having done much for the relief, encouragement and support of others, and thus for your own fame as an enlightened, Christian philanthropist, and much for the common good and glory of your country, as a wise and high-minded patriot.

Accept the thanks of the Corporation, expressed in the accompanying vote, and be assured of the approbation which your bounty will not fail to call forth from the public, and which, combined, as it may be, with that of your own heart, a permanent source of pure happiness.

I am with increased respect and stronger attachment, your friend, SAML. A. ELIOT.

Hon. Abbot Lawrence.

At a meeting of the Corporation of Harvard College, held in Boston, June 7, 1847—

Voted, That the Corporation receive with satisfaction mingled with admiration, the gift this day presented to Harvard College by the Honorable Abbot Lawrence—a donation rarely, if ever equalled in magnitude, and unsurpassed for the utility of the object to which it is devoted.

It is not only in accordance with the munificent liberality which the donor has been long known and honored, but is in singular harmony with that wisdom in managing affairs for which he is distinguished, and with that position in the world he has attained by skill, judgment and integrity. It is deemed by the Corporation a high privilege, and a great reward for their labors, to be the stewards of such bounty; and they pledge their best efforts to carry faithfully into execution the enlightened suggestions with which the letter accompanying the donation is filled.

The wish expressed in it that the contemplated school "may be honorable to the University, and useful to the country," is connected in their minds with the pleasing conviction that such an example is honorable and useful in a wider sphere; that it is honorable not merely to the individual who offers it, but to the land in which he lives, and that it will be useful, not to the country only, but to mankind. (Signed)

JAMES WALKER, Secretary.

The Bible. We understand that Miss Nancy Kendall, daughter of the late Hon. Joseph Kendall of Leominster, at her decease left in the hands of her brothers, Hon. J. G. Kendall, and J. H. Kendall, Esq. two thousand dollars, to promote the circulation of the Bible. This amount has been paid over by these gentlemen, $1500 to the American Bible Society, and $500 to the Massachusetts Bible Society.

*** The Corner Stone of the Church, to be built on Indiana Street, for the Society of which Rev. Mr. Fox is pastor, now worshipping in the Warren Street Chapel, will, probably, be laid on next Thursday morning at 6 o'clock, if fair weather.

## MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS

Summary. The usual parade of the Ancient and Honorable Artillery company, took place on Monday. The sermon was delivered by Rev. Wm. P. Lunt, of Quincy.—There is no news from Mexico favorable to peace. Scott is at Puebla: and from all accounts the trial of the American army by sickness and fatigue is commencing.—There was another pleasant gathering of children at the Public Garden on Monday. We observe that in addition to other attractions, a play ground, with swings, tilting machines, fandangos, &c., has been prepared. A safe little boat, propelled by wheels, has been put upon the pond. If duly encouraged this may be made a fine place of innocent amusement for the young, this summer.—Rev. Mr. Hedge of Bangor, was a passenger in the Washington Irving, which sailed on the 4th inst., for Liverpool. He is to be absent a year or more.—Hon. J. Q. Adams and Hon. D. Webster have arrived home improved in health.—The Gen. Lincoln commences running to Nahant on 10th inst.—Santa Anna was born in 1804, it is said.—One of the Massachusetts regiment has committed murder, at Matamoros, because denied rum.

We cut the following from the Atlas. It is well to look at the realities of war; which are very different things, even to a victorious army, from the summer-day parades and glittering pomp of our citizen soldiers, here at home, who consent to march about the streets, in fine clothes, to please children and give the public an opportunity to hear fine music gratuitously. The story of the 1st Regiment of Tenneseeans has a moral.

"Seeing the Elephant." This is a term in general use, South and West, in connection with those volunteers who left their homes in the States to fight in Mexico, and who did not find everything so pleasant as the paragraphs of patriotic editors, and the handbills and advertisements of recruiting officers led them to expect. We think if they were to return home and bring an action against those who deceived them, they could obtain a verdict in their favor. We know of instances where men have been induced to *volunteer*, by the grossest falsehoods and the most unblusing misrepresentations. So far as the *moral* of the thing is concerned, it is not a whit better than kidnapping.

The Heroes of Monterey. Just one year ago there marched through our streets as noble and splendid a body of men as ever went forth to battle. They were about nine hundred strong. The men were in the vigor of youthful manhood, and as in perfect order and with military precision they paraded through our city, the admiration of our people broke forth in loud applause of the gallant array. This was the first Tennessee regiment, under the heroic veteran Col. Campbell. They left our city fresh from their own happy homes in the mountains and by the riversides in healthful Tennessee, full of hope, ambition, and patriotism: they departed in cheerful spirits and with impatient ardor for the scene of war. * * * * * * * *

On Friday last the whole of this gallant regiment, whose history we have thus briefly sketched, arrived in our city. It numbers just three hundred and fifty, about one-third the force with which it left. And this loss it has sustained in a twelve months' campaign. It has averaged a loss of fifty men a month. [New Orleans Picayune.

We are informed that Amos Lawrence, of Boston, has made another donation to Williams College of $2,000. The interest of this money is to be devoted to the founding of four scholarships of $30 each. Those who derive the benefit of them must have fitted for College, at Lawrence Academy, in Groton. Mr. L. has also signified his intention to give $1,000 more, in July, for fitting up a fountain in front of Lawrence Hall, and building bathing rooms for the students. [Springfield Rep.

The steamer Vanderbilt, a splendid new boat, is to take the place of the Rhode Island, on the Stonington route to New York.

The Hibernia brought out specie to the amount of $900,000.

Thirty Thousand Emigrants in a single Month. The number of arrivals at this port, from foreign countries, during the month of May past, was 407; same month last year, 250; do. do. year before last, 236.

Emigrants arrived in May last, 30,974, same month last year, 18,532; do. do. year before last, 10,214. [Jour. of Com.

There are 40 vessels at quarantine, at Quebec, having on board 13,000 emigrants. There are a great number of deaths occurring daily.

Taunton. The Taunton Republican says—

There never was a time, within our recollection, when every branch of business was in so flourishing a condition here, as at the present time. People are flocking into the town at such rapid rate that it is almost impossible for them to find tenements, although new houses are daily springing up in every direction. New streets are opened, and filled with houses in less than no time. We have to make a voyage of discovery around town about once a week in order to keep up with the times.

We understand there will be between one and two hundred houses erected in the village this summer. As the "Captain" would say, "our course is onward, excelsior!"

Andover Seminary. The inauguration of Rev. Dr. Park, as Professor of Theology in Andover Seminary, took place on Wednesday, 2d inst., on which occasion he delivered an address, and the other exercises were conducted by Rev. Drs. Emerson, Humphrey, Anderson and Edwards.

The weather at Quebec on Monday last continued very changeable.

The Gazette of that date says: Upon the whole, appearances are yet favorable for the produce of the soil. Vegetation is nearly as forward as in common years. The apple trees are beginning to be in blossom in favorable exposures. The markets are high, but so are the wages of the laboring classes. The agriculturists in this part of the country complain of the want of hands qualified for their work.

The latest reports from the Quarantine Station at Grosse Isle are unfavorable. There are thirteen hundred sick, and about thirteen thousand in forty vessels at the Station. According to all accounts, death and starvation are nearly as bad at Grosse Isle as in Ireland. The number of orphans is now about a hundred.

Kennebec, Bath and Portland Railroad. The ceremony of breaking ground upon the Kennebec, Bath and Portland Railroad, says the Portland Advertiser, was performed at Bath on Wednesday last. There was a grand celebration on the occasion. A procession was formed, escorted by a volunteer company, trackmen mounted, and cavalcade mounted, and proceeded through the principal streets of the town, to the building, where a free collation was partaken of. The ceremony of breaking the ground was performed by Capt. George F. Patten and Mr. McKeen, two of the Directors, after which Mr. McKeen made a statement in relation to the affairs of the Company, showing it to be in a very prosperous condition. Speeches were made by several gentlemen, and the whole affair passed off in the most agreeable manner.

Pilgrim Society. We learn from the Plymouth memorial that at the annual meeting of the Pilgrim Society, held on Monday last, the following officers were elected for the ensuing year:

Charles H. Warren, President.
William Davis, Vice President.
William S. Russell, Recording Secretary.
Benjamin M. Watson, Corresponding Secretary.
Allen Danforth, Treasurer.
Lemuel D Holmes, Librarian and Cabinet Keeper.
Trustees—Nathaniel M. Davis, John B. Thomas, Isaac L. Hedge, William M. Jackson, Schuyler Sampson, Winslow Warren, of Plymouth, and James T. Hayward, and William Thomas, of Boston.

"A Ministering Angel." In one of the letters describing the incidents of the battle of Buena Vista, we find the following:

There was one little scene on the field which excited great sympathy. A Mexican woman was found in a gorge under one of the peaks of the mountain, having about her ten or twelve of her countrymen, five or six of whom were dead. She was endeavoring to make the beds of the living as easy as she could, by removing the stones from under them, and placing their heads upon her own person. She refused bread and water herself, tendering every thing that was offered her to the sufferers about her. It was almost the only bright spot on that bloody ground.

The following is from the St. Louis New Era of the 18th inst.

The Benevolence of New England. We publish in to-day's paper an account of the entertainment given at Cove, to the Commander of the Jamestown, and never published any thing with more heartfelt pleasure.

New England, and especially Massachusetts and Boston, are not only benevolent, but have an admirable way of showing their benevolence. Their charities are not only ample but prompt. They are made at such times, in such a manner, and under such circumstances, as to show that their heart is in what they do; that they relieve suffering because they have a genuine sympathy with the sufferer.

Among all the contributors to the relief of the suffering Irish, none have displayed more alacrity or a more generous and compassionating spirit than the people of Massachusetts.

Thomas Ingraham, Esq., has been elected City Marshall of New Bedford.

The English Captain Ross, nephew of the celebrated arctic navigator, has recently submitted to the English government a plan for a new polar exploration beyond Spitzbergen. He proposes to have the crew arrive there towards the end of summer, and await the winter. For five months in the year, the Arctic sea is covered with thick ice, and Captain Ross proposes crossing it on a sledge, in quest of the archipelago, that is supposed to exist at the pole. The plan is an exceedingly bold one, and presents many material difficulties, especially in the means of supporting the animals who will drag the sledges. But Captain Ross seems to have taken all these matters into consideration.

We have already stated that there was a plan on foot for cutting a passage for vessels through the Isthmus of Suez. The *Portafoglio* of Malta publishes the following summary of the conditions under which it is to be undertaken: Egypt is to stand in the relation of a neutral power; Prussia, Russia, and the United States are invited to respect this neutrality guarantied by the Porte, France, England and Austria, the contracting parties. The last three are to charge themselves with the construction of the canal, and are to receive a tonnage duty until they are completely reimbursed for all their expenses; the execution of this work is not to be interrupted, even if war should break out between the contracting parties. Austria is also to undertake the work of making the Nile navigable for large vessels as far up as Damietta, which is destined to become a great port. England is to turn her attention especially to Suez, and to make excavations there similar to those at Damietta, and, with France, is to construct the canal.

Oil of Stones. Under this title, we find in a recent Paris journal, an account of a singular substance manufactured in France, of peculiar properties. It was discovered several years since, and an interesting paper upon it was read before the Institute. Since then its manufacture, far from being abandoned as many supposed, has been silently undergoing improvements, and recently a company has been formed for its manufacture. It is now termed mineral oil. By means of new and very ingenious instruments and machinery, they obtain an oil as transparent as the purest water. This remarkable liquid is said to have this great advantage, of not staining by contact, and of giving an admirable light by the fixedness and clearness of the flame. The company possesses in Autunnois inexhaustible beds of the mineral from which this oil is extracted, as well as several other productions, as paraffine, mineral tar, a new kind of manure, invaluable for exhausted land, and many others. However much we may be surprised, adds the journal, from which we derive this information, at seeing a vile and despised rock thus yielding a variety of precious matters, there is no room for us to doubt the fact. It only proves that the science of Chemistry is in its infancy, and that no one can assign any limits to its progress. When the first attempts were made to burn bituminous coal, who then would have believed in such results as gas-light, its application to the generation of steam, or the bright future in reserve for so humble a mineral? And yet, are not the mines of Auzin more valuable to their proprietors, than the silver mines of both the Indias?

The King of Bavaria has recently done a very sensible thing, and one calculated to weaken essentially the power of the Jesuits, by the boldness with which it defies their power and influence. He has issued a proclamation, prohibiting females from taking any religious vows before they have reached the age of twenty three, and then it requires that the novice shall be subjected alone, without the presence of any ecclesiastic whatever, to a careful examination by a commission of laymen, whose duty it shall be to satisfy themselves that she is not influenced by fear, constraint, or any other persuasion. The Bishops are enjoined to inform the minister of public worship, in good season, of the taking the veil, or any other religious professions that may occur in any convent in their diocese. This requirement has also been made of all the lady superiors of the monasteries, and warning them that any case of negligence to conform with them, will annul the validity of the vows taken, in the eyes of the civil authorities. [Atlas.

Female Legislators. Two ladies are members of the Prussian Diet, and have a right to take their seats and vote among the nobles. They are the Princess of Sagan Taleyrand, formerly Duchess of Dino, and the Countess Kielmansegge; these ladies have only availed themselves of their rights by proxies.

The Magnetic Telegraphic Lines established in the United States, worked on Morse's plan, comprise an aggregate distance of 1576 miles. The lines under contract and in course of construction, comprise 4974 miles—making an aggregate of complete and unfinished lines of 6549 miles.

Lieutenant Colonel Sir Walter Scott, baronet, of Abbotsford, the eldest son and last surviving child of the author of Waverley, has just died of the dysentery, at the Cape of Good Hope, on his return from Madras. He was born in 1801, and was Lieutenant Colonel in the 15th Hussars. The barony is extinct, but the property of Abbotsford passes to Walter Scott Lockhart, cornet in the 16th Lancers, only son of the editor of the Quarterly Review, and only grandson of the author of Waverly.

The assertion, found in many newspapers, where mention is made of the sword presented to Gen. Pierce, that it was the gift of "*the* ladies of Concord," is objected to by many of that class, as conveying the impression that all may have participated in the affair. We are desired to state that the fact was far otherwise;—the money having been obtained from only a few, comparatively, of the ladies of this town. Multitudes not only gave nothing, but regarded the affair as in bad taste, besides being a needless expenditure of money that might better have been appropriated to some other purpose. [N. H. Statesman.

Whale Fisheries in Connecticut. The District Judge, in his recent charge to the Grand Jury stated that there were engaged in this business 125 vessels, with 5000 seamen and a capital of about $5,000,000. [N. Haven Palladium.

☞ AMERICAN UNITARIAN ASSOCIATION. The Treasurer acknowledges the receipt of the following sums, viz:

| | |
|---|---|
| From Auxiliary Association in Rev Mr Sewall's Society, Scituate, | 18 00 |
| From Rev John L. Russell, Hingham, on subs. | 2 00 |
| From Aux. Ass. in Wayland, | 5 00 |
| From Rev Mr Hill's Society in Waltham, | 50 00 |
| From Aux. Ass. in Louisville, Ky, | 30 00 |
| From do in Rev Mr Hall's Soc'y in Dorchester, | 50 00 |
| From do in Newport, RI, | 33 00 |
| From Rev Mr Hill's Society in Worcester, | 44 37 |
| From Aux. Ass. in do, | 42 00 |
| From do in Brighton (balance) | 35 00 |
| From do in Dover, NH, | 40 00 |
| From do in Fairhaven, | 15 00 |
| From do in Providence, | 100 00 |
| From do in Sterling, | 13 00 |
| From Christian Benevolent Society in Sterling, to constitute Rev T. Prentiss Allen a life member, | 30 00 |
| From Aux. Ass. in Montreal, | 56 00 |
| From do in Cabotville, | 18 00 |
| From Rev Mr Lothrop's Society in Boston, | 400 00 |
| From Rev Mr Lincoln's Society in Fitchburg, | 100 00 |
| From Rev Mr Newell's Society in Cambridge, | 80 00 |
| From Aux. Association in Kingston, | 45 00 |
| From Rev Mr Gray's Society in Boston, | 100 00 |
| From Aux. Ass. in Rev Mr Ellis's Society in Charlestown, in part, | 106 00 |
| From do in Needham, | 9 00 |
| From Rev Mr Frost's Society in Concord, | 81 38 |
| From Society in Wayland, for Agent's expenses, | 5 25 |
| From Aux. Ass. in Bolton, | 12 00 |
| From Rev Mr Leonard's Society, Dublin, NH, | 13 00 |
| From Aux. Ass. in do, | 17 00 |

May 25th, 1847.

☞ LIBRARY OF HARVARD UNIVERSITY. All persons, having books from the Public Library of the University, are requested to return them *before or on Wednesday, the 23d inst.* Books may be borrowed again on Monday morning, July 19th; and, during the vacation, from that time till Commencement, the Library will be open every Monday forenoon to visitors and for the delivery of books.

T. W. HARRIS, Librarian.
Cambridge, June 9, 1847. 2w§ je12

☞ The WORCESTER WEST MINISTERIAL ASSOCIATION will hold its meeting in Hubbardston on Monday, June 21st, at 4 o'clock, P. M., at the house of Rev Mr Hill. j12

☞ THE WORCESTER WEST SUNDAY SCHOOL CONVENTION will be held in Hubbardston on Tuesday, June 22d, at 11 o'clock, A. M. Teachers, pupils, parents and others interested in Sunday Schools are invited to attend. je12

☞ REV CHARLES SPEAR will deliver a discourse next Sabbath afternoon at the regular hour of service in the Unitarian Church in Needham, on the Proper Treatment of the Criminal. je12

☞ The PLYMOUTH & BAY ASSOCIATION will meet at Rev. Mr. Bradford's, in Bridgewater, on Tuesday, June 15th, at 5 o'clock, P. M.

J. MOORE, Scribe.
je5

☞ The Semi-Annual Convention of Teachers of Sunday Schools connected with the Plymouth & Bay Association, will meet at Bridgewater, on Wednesday, June 16th. Services in the Unitarian Church, to commence at 10 o'clock, A. M.

Besides parents and teachers within the limits of the Association—of whom, it is hoped, there will be a full and punctual attendance—all interested in Sunday Schools are respectfully invited to attend.

JACOB H. LOUD,
W. YOUNG,
C. BRADFORD,
} Committee.
je5 2w

☞ WORCESTER ASSOCIATION. The next meeting will be held at the house of Rev. Mr. Edes, in Bolton, on Tuesday, June 15th, at 6 o'clock, P. M.

je5 2t H. WITHINGTON, Scribe.

☞ The FRANKLIN EVANGELICAL ASSOCIATION will meet at the house of Rev C. Nightingale in Cabotville, on Monday, the 14th of June, at 4 o'clock P. M. JOHN F. MOORS, Scribe.
je5

☞ BOOK AND PAMPHLET SOCIETY. The Directors of the Book and Pamphlet Society would give notice, that their Depository is continued at Simpkins's Book and Stationery Store, 94 Washington street, and constantly kept supplied with a great variety of valuable and useful Tracts and Books, both doctrinal and practical, which may be obtained gratuitously on application there, by any Clergyman or Layman when wanted for distribution in this or any other State. Distant places are invited to make known their wants.

☞ REMOVAL. The Religious Society worshipping in Chapman Hall, (Rev J. Fisher) has removed to Melrose Hall, 339 Washington st., between West st and the Melodeon. m22

☞ WORCESTER SUNDAY SCHOOL SOCIETY. The annual meeting of this Association, will take place in Leominster, on Tuesday, June 15. The morning session will be held in the Unitarian Church, commencing at 10 o'clock precisely. The afternoon session at 1½ o'clock. Teachers, parents, and all interested in Sunday Schools are invited to attend.

je5 2t H. WITHINGTON, Secretary.

## MARRIAGES.

In this city, 8th inst, by the Rev F. D. Huntington, Mr James M. Newell to Miss Caroline W, daughter of Edmund Sweet, Esq.

8th inst, by Rev S. K. Lothrop, John S. Eldridge, Esq, to Miss Abby Louisa, daughter of Wm Thompson, Esq.

By Rev Mr Gray, Mr Wm D. Brewer to Miss Louisa A. Blornberg.

In Charlestown, by Rev Mr Ellis, Mr Geo A. Whiting to Miss Lucy J, daughter of the late Hon Wm Austin, both of C.

In Cambridge, by Rev J. F. W. Ware, Anson Burlingame, Esq, Counsellor at Law of this city, to Jane Cornelia, daughter of Hon Isaac Livermore; by Rev F. D. Huntington, of this city, Charles P. Huntington, Esq, of Northampton, to Miss Ellen Greenough, Esq, of this city.

In Roxbury, by the Rev Dr Putnam, Horatio Leonard, Esq, of Raynham, to Mrs Mary Haven, daughter of the late Andrew Cunningham, Esq, of this city.

In Somerville, by Rev Mr Sargent, Mr James M. Coburn to Miss Elizabeth P. Tufts.

In East Bridgewater, by Rev Mr Whitman, Mr Horace A. Bird to Miss Susan C. Tilson, both of Bridgewater.

In Newburyport, Mr John S. Tappan, of New York, to Susan, eldest daughter of the late G. W. Storey, Esq.

In Providence, by Rev E. B. Hall, Mr Paul C. Burgess, of New Bedford, to Miss Sarah Church Branch, daughter of the late Col. Sandford Branch.

In Dover, NH, James A. Abbott, Esq, of Boston, to Miss Hannah, daughter of the late Dr Jacob Kittredge, of D.

## DEATHS.

In this city, Mr John Griffiths, 76, formerly of Birmingham, Eng.

Capt John Hodgkins, 83.

George W. Cross, 32.

Capt Jeremiah Sweetser, of Searsport, Me, aged 50.

In Cambridge, Mr Samuel S. Stacy, Jr, merchant, of this city, 23.

At Jamaica Plain, Rev Thomas Gray, DD, aged 75 yrs, a graduate at Harvard University in the class of 1790.

In Dorchester, Edward C. Sumner, 30.

In Salem, Mrs Hannah, widow of the late Elijah Briggs, 80; Mrs Nancy, widow of the late Stephen Palmer, 52; Mrs Mary, wife of Mr Nathan Putnam, 52; Miss Susan C. Fifield, 46; Mr Ebenezer Moulton, 75.

In Stockbridge, Charles Worthington, of this city, aged 25 yrs.

In Weston, Miss Mary Ann Child, 40.

In Portsmouth, NH, 27th ult, Mrs Mary Austin, aged 85, widow of the late Daniel Austin, Esq. The last of the senior lines of the Penhallam's and Wentworth's—and the oldest member of the North Church in that place. "Great God! The heart of a mother is thine own beautiful work."

In Providence, Mrs Sarah Smith Larned, a pensioner, widow of the late Wm Larned, Commissary in the army of the revolution.

In Ipswich, Capt Joseph Ke Farley, late of ship Nonantum, 41; well known in this city as an active and intelligent shipmaster.

In Conway, Mr Job Howland, 83, a descendant of the fifth generation of John Howland and his wife Elizabeth, daughter of Gov Carver, who arrived at Plymouth in the ship Mayflower, in Dec. 1620.

In Savannah, Geo Anderson, Esq, formerly President of the Planters' Bank.

At Rio Janeiro, where he had gone for the benefit of his health, Henry Clarkson Goodhue, in his 23d year, son of Jonathan Goodhue, Esq, of New York, and a graduate of Harvard University in the class of 1845.

## CINCINNATI.

The Members of the Massachusetts *Society of Cincinnati*, are hereby notified that their annual meeting will be held at the Revere House, in this city, on Monday, July 5, next ensuing, at 10 o'clock, A. M., for the choice of officers and the transaction of business. A punctual attendance is requested.

The Members of the Standing Committee are notified to meet at the same place at 9 o'clock.

Members of other Societies of Cincinnati, who may be here, are respectfully invited to dine.

Dinner at 2½ o'clock.

THOMAS JACKSON, Secretary.
Boston, June 12, 1847. is3t

Board may be had in a pleasant and healthy situation, about five miles from the city, for two children about 6 years old. For particulars, inquire at this office. 2wis je12

Houses for Sale or To Let. For Sale or To Let, in Old Cambridge, two new and modern built Dwelling Houses, eligibly situated on Cragie st., about three minutes walk from the Colleges. Each house contains twelve rooms, with every convenience for genteel families, with a fine Garden attached to the same, with Fruit Trees, Currant Bushes and Shrubbery, &c. They are well supplied with the best of water.—Coaches run to and from the city every ten minutes. A large portion of the purchase money can remain for a long time. Bank or Railroad Stock would be taken in exchange.

For further particulars inquire of JOSEPH CUTLER, Esq., 47 Court st., Boston, or of ROYAL RICHARDSON, on the premises. 3tis je12

Columbian Hotel, Saratoga Springs, N. Y. (Temperance House.) The undersigned has the pleasure of announcing to his friends and the public in general, that since the last season, he has had his house greatly improved inside and out, and an addition made of some twenty-five large, airy, and well ventilated rooms, several of which are double rooms, very convenient for families; and the entire establishment, in external appearance and interior arrangements for comfort and convenience, is not surpassed by any house at the Springs. It will accomodate 100 or more persons. The subscriber returns his sincere thanks to his former patrons who have kindly given him their patronage for five years past, and he trusts now, with his greatly increased and elegant accommodations, to continue to receive a liberal support from the public generally.—The house will be conducted as usual on Temperance and religious principles, and the Proprietor pledges his best and personal efforts to make the Columbian a desirable stopping-place for all that may favor him with their patronage.

In consequence of the above improvements, this Hotel will not be open until the 1st day of June next.

W. S. BALCH, Proprietor.

N. B. Good accommodations for Horses and Carriages are attached to the above premises. W. S. B.
Saratoga Springs, May 12, 1847. 3mis je12

Conversations in Rome between an Artist, a Catholic, and a Critic, by William Ellery Channing; 200 pages, 12mo.

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Address the Subscriber, at Lunenburg, Mass.
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Sermons of Consolation, 3d Edition.—William D. Ticknor & Co. have just published a new and beautiful edition of Sermons of Consolation, by Rev F. W. P. Greenwood, D.D.—on *fine paper* and *large type*, bound in handsome English cloth; price $1.

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Boarding and Day School for Young Ladies, In Plymouth. The Summer Term of the subscriber's School will commence Monday, May 31st. The healthful and agreeable location of his house—directly overlooking the bay—the peculiar social advantages of the town, and the facility of access to it by railroad, recommend his school to the consideration of parents who are in quest of a place of education for their daughters.

Particular information and references may be obtained by addressing the subscriber. H. F. EDES.
Plymouth, May 15th, 1847. 4tis

Brooks's Works, 20,000 copies sold. Family Prayer Book, 14th edition.

The Christian in his Closet, 2d ed. 12mo.

The Daily Monitor, 8vo, pp. 374.

The Parisian Linguist, Paris edition, price 62 cts.

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## POETRY.

[For the Register.]

### HUMILITY.

Almighty Father! to thy will
I'd ever be resigned,
Whate'er its power of good or ill
Submission I would find.

Like the sweet flower that gently bends
When varied breezes blow,
I'd meekly on my God depend
In ev'ry joy or woe.

And gladly from his gentle care
Receive my daily food,
And feel around me everywhere
The trust that God is good.

Like as the weary trembling dove
Will seek its parent nest,
So would I humbly ask thy love
For my eternal rest.

LALIA.

### THE ANGELS OF BUENA VISTA.

A letter writer from Mexico states that at the terrible fight of Buena Vista, Mexican women were seen hovering near the field of death, for the purpose of giving aid and succor to the wounded. One poor woman was found surrounded by the maimed and suffering of both armies, ministering to the wants of Americans as well as Mexicans with impartial tenderness.

Speak and tell us, our Ximena, looking northward far away,
O'er the camp of the invaders, o'er the Mexican array,
Who is losing? who is winning? are they far, or come they near?
Look abroad, and tell us sister, whither rolls the storm we hear.

"Down the hills of Angostura still the storm of battle rolls;
Blood is flowing, men are dying; God have mercy on their souls!"
Who is losing? who is winning?—Over hill and over plain,
I see but smoke of cannon clouding through the mountain rain."

Holy Mother! keep our brothers! Look, Ximena, look once more:
"Still I see the fearful whirlwind rolling darkly as before,
Bearing on, in strange confusion, friend and foeman, foot and horse,
Like some wild and troubled torrent sweeping down its mountain course."

Look forth once more, Ximena! "Ah! the smoke has rolled away;
And I see the Northern rifles gleaming down the ranks of grey.
Hark! that sudden blast of bugles! there the troop of Minon wheels;
There the Northern horses thunder, with the cannon at their heels."

"Jesu, pity! how it thickens! now retreat and now advance!
Right against the blazing cannon shivers Puebla's charging lance!
Down they go, the brave young riders; horse and foot together fall;
Like a ploughshare in its fallow, through them ploughs the Northern ball."

Nearer came the storm, and nearer, rolling fast and frightful on:
"Speak, Ximena, speak and tell us, who has lost and who has won."
"Alas! alas! I know not; friend and foe together fall,
O'er the dying rush the living; pray, my sisters, for them all!"

"Lo! the wind the smoke is lifting: Blessed Mother, save my brain!
I can see the wounded crawling slowly out from heaps of slain.
Now they stagger, blind and bleeding; now they fall and strive to rise;
Hasten, sisters, haste and save them, lest they die before our eyes!"

"Oh my heart's love! oh my dear one! lay thy poor head on my knee;
Dost thou know the lips that kiss thee? Canst thou hear me, canst thou see?
Oh my husband, brave and gentle! oh my Bernal, look once more
On the blessed Cross before thee! Mercy! mercy! all is o'er!"

Dry thy tears, my poor Ximena; lay thy dear one down to rest;
Let his hands be meekly folded; lay the Cross upon his breast;
Let his dirge be sung hereafter, and his funeral masses said;
To-day, thou poor bereaved one, the living ask thy aid.

Close beside her, faintly moaning, fair and young, a soldier lay,
Torn with shot and pierced with lances, bleeding slow his life away;
But, as tenderly before him the lorn Ximena knelt,
She saw the Northern eagle shining on his pistol belt.

With a stifled cry of horror straight she turned away her head;
With a sad and bitter feeling looked she back upon her dead;
But she heard the youth's low moaning and his struggling breath of pain,
And she raised the cooling water to his parching lips again.

Whispered low the dying soldier, pressed her hand, and faintly smiled:
Was that pitying face his mother's? did she watch beside her child?
All his stranger words with meaning her woman's heart supplied!
With her kiss upon his forehead, "Mother!" murmured he, and died!

"A bitter curse upon them, poor boy, who led thee forth,
From some gentle, sad-eyed mother, weeping lonely in the North!"
Spake the mournful Mexic woman, as she laid him with her dead,
And turned to soothe the living, and bind the wounds which bled.

Look forth once more, Ximena! "Like a cloud before the wind
Rolls the battle down the mountains, leaving blood and death behind;
Ah! they plead in vain for mercy; in the dust the wounded strive;
Hide your faces, holy angels! oh, thou Christ of God, forgive!"

Sink, oh Night, among thy mountains! let the cold, gray shadows fall;
Dying brothers, fighting demons—drop thy curtain over all!
Through the thickening winter twilight, wide apart the battle rolled,
In its sheath the sabre rested, and the cannon's lips grew cold.

But the noble Mexic women still their holy task pursued,
Through that long dark night of sorrow, worn and faint, and lacking food;
Over weak and suffering brothers with a tender care they hung,
And the dying foeman blessed them in a strange and Northern tongue.

Not wholly lost, oh Father! is this evil world of ours;
Upward, through its blood and ashes, spring afresh the Eden flowers;
From its smoking hell of battle, Love and Pity send their prayer,
And still thy white-winged angels hover dimly in our air!

J. G. W.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

### The New Home.

BY M. G. SLEEPER.

"Hum! ha! so you are engaged!" said a thick-set, jovial-looking man, with a roguish twinkle in his eye, as he walked into his nephew's shop, one fine Spring morning. "Going to marry Charlotte Staughton, eh!" and he set his cane rather heavily on the floor.

The young man whom he addressed, an active, intelligent mechanic, blushed, turned half round, and stammered, "Why—yes, sir,—I—"

"Knows too much by half! What does a poor fellow like you want of a woman that has studied geography, and geometry, and geology, and nobody knows what besides! There's Sally Simpson—"

"But, uncle, Charlotte is something better than a genteel trifler with books. She is a thorough scholar; her mind is well disciplined; her information is extensive and valuable."

"Pshaw! a lover's nonsense! There's Sally Simpson; she's somebody. She can spin and weave, wash and iron, bake and brew; she'll be a help to a man."

"Yes, uncle, but a man wants something beside dollars and cents. He wants pleasant conversation."

"Crazed, clearly crazed," said the elderly gentleman. "There's no hope! Now, nevy! Reasoning is thrown away, fairly thrown away. There's Sally Simpson," and he went deliberately towards the door; "there's Sally Simpson, nevy. You'll be sorry for your choice," and he sallied out, muttering, just above his breath, "There's Sally Simpson! she's just the one for a smart youth like him, just the one; he'll be sorry, one of these days, he'll be sorry!"

"How preposterous!" exclaimed Mrs. Smith, an hour after, adjusting a stray ringlet. "Altogether absurd! Charlotte Staughton marry a mechanic! Have you any authority better than common rumor, my dear Kate.

"Oh, yes; her own aunt, Mrs. Eston, told me of the engagement, ten minutes since, and spoke, too, in her quiet, smiling way, just as she really didn't think it was a disgrace to the family."

"Yet I can scarcely credit it. So pretty and accomplished, and her grandmother so fond of her, and loading her with presents, jewels, and laces, and silks!"

"Yes, but pride must have a fall," replied Kate, with ill-concealed triumph, "and for my part, I'm not sorry to see her lowered a trifle."

"You are quite sure Mrs. Eston was not joking, are you, Kate?"

"Certainly, oh, certainly!" and Kate rose to take leave, half afraid that her dreaded rival had not absolutely fallen so far as to be engaged to a mechanic.

The same afternoon, Susie Eston came tripping through my garden, and before she was fairly in the house, cried, "Will you believe it, Mrs. S? Charlotte is actually engaged to Sidney Merton."

"I have expected such an announcement, these six months."

"But Charlotte is such a fine scholar, and so genteel, and agreeable, and—"

"And Sidney is energetic, industrious, fine looking, and well-bred."

"Yes, but then his means are so limited. Only imagine Charlotte making, and sweeping, and doing all those things; obliged to do it, Mrs. S."

"Will not the exercise improve her health, and will not the skill thus acquired give her a delicious feeling of independence?"

"Oh, I don't know. But to think of a close cap, and a morning gown, and an odious great apron! It's a different thing, this sentiment in the kitchen, from sentiment in the parlor."

"It is not sentiment that the heart craves, dear Susie, but love; deep, pure, abiding love; and when this is once implanted, the things you speak of, have no adverse influence. Let a smile be on the lip, and the 'love light in the eye;' then if the cap is clean, and the hair parted evenly beneath it, if the morning dress is an exactly fitting dress, not a slovenly wrapper, and the great apron is smooth and spotless, believe me, they positively heighten the charms of a wife, and are far more agreeable to a husband than satins and ribbons, and all the ornaments of the drawing-room."

"Ah! you have given me one drop of comfort; but, after all, I cannot help thinking that Charlotte is throwing herself away.

"And why throwing herself away? She does not diminish her beautiful gifts. They will be unfailing sources of refined happiness both to herself and friends; and I mistake her much, if she will sigh for an opportunity to cast her jewels to the crowd, to be gathered or trampled upon, according to the moment's whim."

"Oh, no, no, indeed! but then,—but then,"

"But then, my dear Susie, your views, and the views of your fashionable friends, are exceedingly contracted upon the subject of labor, and, forgive me if I add, not a little irreligious. This particular case, however appeals so strongly to your prejudices, that I cannot hope to benefit you much by reasoning, or illustration. We will talk about it again, in Charlotte's parlor."

"I hope it will be a pretty one; I detest ugly parlors;" and the lively girl tripped back more merrily than she came.

Yet even I could but admit a few cowardly fears. "They have been educated so differently," I said, "Charlotte has been accustomed to such entire freedom! How can she be true both to herself and husband? How can she struggle for perfection, render her house attractive, and, at the same time, make not too frequent demands upon resources which must long continue slender." I forgot, for the moment how blessed a thing it is quietly to gather the good and the beautiful about the spot, whatever and wherever it may be, that the beloved calls home; to hedge it in, and surround it with barriers which the discord and tumult of the world can penetrate; to create an atmosphere of tranquility and peace, unruffled by a breath of discontent or ambition. I forgot how, in this beautiful work, the heart expands, hour by hour; how the exercise of patience, forbearance, and thoughtful kindness, purifies and elevates; how healthful activity sends the blood in its quickened flow to redden the lips, and mantle up the cheek; how, in fact, the faithful discharge of home duties communicates an intense vitality, increasing the will, and doubling the power for action. I forgot how insignificant are the mere triumphs of society, the applause of the crowded drawing-room, the graceful, but charmless homage offered not to worth, but to talent, and to fashion. It was for a moment only. A sweet vision of domestic life, rich beyond measure in heart treasures, was before me, and I feared no longer.

At the risk of seeming intrusive, I called on the married pair, the very evening after their return from a trip to Cape May. Their house was a small old-fashioned, stone building, standing far back from the road, and nestling beneath tall, drooping elms, which vied with each other in shielding it from sun and storm. The heavy columns of the portico peeped out here and there from among roses and honeysuckles, and only patches of the roof were seen at intervals, so close were the interwoven tendrils. Small, diamond-shaped glass crowded the windows, and heightened the agreeably antique air of the whole; though, in truth, the foliage clung so thickly about them, that but small portions of them were visible. As I approached, I caught the notes of a favorite song, and soon distinguished the clear, sweet voice of Charlotte, and the mellow bass of her husband.

"Love, music and shrubbery," I said to myself, and, thinking a third party might not be quite welcome, I was on the point of turning away, when a white dress fluttered in the doorway, and my friend, gleeful as a bird, bounded over the flag-stones, to meet me.

"I am glad you have come," she said, "it is so quiet and home-like. Besides, I want you to help us plan. Sidney declares that the place for each article of household furniture, down to the mop and duster, is a matter for deliberation. So upon such weighty matters I give us the benefit of your experience."

"Gladly! Ah, Mr. Merton, your hand-grasp is a right cordial one. It carries the heart in it, I am sure."

"It does in this case, at least," and with a glow of proud pleasure, he ushered me into a little parlor, which, in my delight, I really believed the very prettiest one in the world. A Lowell carpet, with a pattern of oak leaves and acorns, covered the floor, the low broad window seats were filled with geraniums, verbenas, heliotropes, orange trees, and cactuses, and four niches sunk in the wall, were occupied with choice books in substantial bindings, the joint library of the young couple. Upon the mantle were two pretty pictures, the work of Charlotte, in rosewood frames, and between them was a large sea-shell, filled with flowers. A little ebony stand, covered with sewing implements, stood in a corner, and two small tables were loaded with excellent engravings. Upon a folio Bible lay Sidney's flute, a very fine one, as I often acknowledged, with scores of mental thanks to the owner, in the moonlight evenings of the previous Summer. I carefully scanned each article in the room, and I felt sure that the most fastidious could suggest nothing better, the circumstance considered. There were no lounges or ottomans, no fauteuils, or mirrors, or chandeliers, nothing that contrasted glaringly or unpleasantly, with the homeliest details of a mechanic's life. But there *was* a charming quietness. The very air seemed to brood with a lulling power, over the books, and pictures, and blossoms. "Ah!" I mentally exclaimed, "Sidney Merton can but love this spot. Here his heart must gather both warmth and strength."

"We had almost forgotten the kitchen," said Charlotte after an animated account of her visit to the sea-shore, which brought to my ears the rush of the sleepless billows. "Do you know that I am to boil my own kettle, and cook my own bread, Gracie, dear?"

"You!" and I glanced at her fragile figure, her snowy forehead, and dainty hands, which verily seemed made for nothing but to touch the piano's music-breathing keys. "You, indeed! with those delicate fingers, Charlotte!"

"Why not! Are not white ones as good as brown ones?" and a ringing laugh went floating through the window, and lost itself in the thicket. "Wait and see. Wait and see. We shall have no baker's bread, no French rolls, but good, substantial, home-baked. Survey my kingdom, and say if it is not worth while to reign here." She opened a door as she spoke, and then added, "Sidney avers that the reason why ladies dislike their kitchens, is, because they so often permit them to be dark and unfurnished, and crowded with the coarser implements of household toil."

"I agree with him, entirely; but the objection you have named, cannot be made to yours," and I looked with satisfaction upon the pleasant green of the walls, the floor, of a cool stone color, the muslin curtains, the flower-pots ranged in the window-seats, the nice mats, the table, covered with a green cloth, and the water, bubbling into a receiver in a recess, across which a curtain could be drawn at pleasure.

After I had completed my survey, we passed on to a nice, airy room, which was to serve as store room and buttery. Rows of maple boxes, glass jars, barrels and buckets, britannia and net covers, and piles of coarse napkins, still more effectually to shut out dust, met my gaze.

I was really ashamed of my prolonged scrutiny, and inquired for the utensils we were to locate. "You will laugh, Mr. Merton," said I, "but I must confess that I always grow enthusiastic over brooms and dusters. I learned to love them, years ago, when a kiss from my mother was the reward for their skilful use, and my affection was by no means diminished during my school days. Oh, those bright morning hours, when some twenty maidens worshipped, with appropriate ceremonies, the spirit neatness! The waving of white arms, the glancing of active feet, the tresses of gold and sable glittering in the level sunbeams, the open doors and windows, through which rushed the fresh air, as if to join in merriment! I see the whole now, just as I saw it then. Then, too, the laugh became more heartfelt and musical, the humor richer, the wit brighter, the sympathy more ready, the love quicker and wider in its manifestations. How heartily should we have rejected the idea of delegating to others the charming task of sweeping our study rooms and dormitories! Ah! if all domestic labor could but be merged in sweeping and dusting!"

"Here is proof to the contrary," said Charlotte, conducting me into the very midst of scrubbing brushes, tubs, baskets for wet clothes, for dry clothes, for the newly ironed, for the unmended; and she was so lively, and Sidney so busy with twine, knife and hammer, that I might have stayed until midnight, had not the village clock, striking ten, reminded me that my call had been protracted to a most unfashionable length.

And yet, after returning home, instead of bravely trusting, I feared that, the novelty over, my friend would weary of her task. But Summer gave place to Autumn, Autumn to Winter, and still she was without assistance, except on Mondays, when a cleanly widow of the village, washed and scoured for her. She was never worn out or dispirited. True, her pearly skin lost something of its extreme delicacy, her dimpled hand was a little embrowned, and her fingers I thought less flexible; a pretty calico, or de laine dress, took the place of muslin and silk, and the crimped collar displaced entirely the elegant Brussels lace she used to wear. The most agreeable gatherings in the village were at her house. Only a few people were invited at a time, and music, conversation, pictures, papers, and periodicals, with the graceful, cordial hostess, and the sensible, happy host, left nothing to desire. My friend was neither wearied with the preparation, nor secretly disturbed at the expense. Baskets of cake and fruit stood upon a side table, of which the guests partook at pleasure, but there were no oysters or ices, or wines, or any of the thousand and one modes of ostentatious money spending.

Mr. Grey, Sidney's kind-hearted, but advice-giving, and somewhat despotic, bachelor uncle, did not, at first, call on the young people. It was quite as well, perhaps, for Charlotte learned all his peculiarities from her husband, and was, therefore, better able to make her house attractive when his first displeasure was over. He made his appearance one afternoon early in September. No, he could not think of stopping, he was in a great hurry, great hurry; business pressing, very. But somehow, Mrs. Merton contrived to hide his hat and cane where she asserted he could not find them in a week. Then she drew an arm-chair, a particularly easy one, into the little porch opening from the kitchen, and seated him so that he could enjoy the western breeze, and, at the same time, watch her light labors. With a tolerable grace Mr. Grey accepted the attention, and then though he pretended to be absorbed in his newspapers, a half dozen of which he had taken from the parlor, he lost not a single footstep of his new niece. Perfectly unconscious of observation, Charlotte moved about, now and then forgetting the presence of her guest, so far as to break into fragments of tunes, which made the old gentleman, though no great lover of music, long to hear more. She lighted a fire, and brushed away the litter which fell on the floor in the operation, sifted some flour, mixed some cakes, and put them in the oven to bake. Then she drew out a table in a little eating-room, which, like the parlor, had its flower-vases, its plants, its vines, climbing over the window, and making a soft, green shade.

"Here, there, every where, with the tread of a fairy," thought Mr. Grey, as he caught the sound of her voice, now from the hall above, now from the cellar below, now from the parlor, and again from the well appointed store-room.

Just as the last biscuit was done, Sidney came up the avenue, and the crimson mounted to the brow of his wife, at the lover-look he bestowed upon her, when he saw his uncle following her to the supper room, gently rubbing his hands, and nodding repeatedly, as was his custom when more than usually pleased. Mr. Grey was a bit of an epicure. He particularly delighted in a snowy table cloth, dishes glossy to the eye and smooth to the touch, bright knives and spoons; and these he did not always obtain at the hotel. So when he sat down at Mrs. Merton's, and tasted her exquisite imperial, hot biscuits, with just the softest brown upon them, the large, sweet blackberries, and tastefully moulded blancmange, he began to nod, and nod, quite unconsciously, thereby giving his nephew the most entire satisfaction. While he was examining the house, which, in spite of his business, he did very carefully, from attic to cellar, mentally commenting upon the neatness of the whole, Charlotte slipped out, and persuaded her aunt to spend the evening with her. Mrs. Eston was a sprightly, well-informed woman, and so interested Mr. Grey in a dispute about manufactures, that eleven o'clock came before he had once thought of going. It was quite too late for him to return to his lodgings, so all declared, and he was at length persuaded to remain.

Everything pleased him. Stairs were his aversion, and he could not admire sufficiently the little bed-room attached to the parlor. Besides, no beds were so light, no linen so smooth, no coffee so fragrant, and no steaks so tender, as those of Mr. Merton. After having enjoyed these luxuries a few times, his commendations became so pointed, that the young couple invited him to make their home his home; whereupon he began to nod vigorously, rubbed his hands, and, that very day, completely changed the aspect of his favorite bed room, with an extraordinary collection of fishing and hunting gear, odd volumes upon a variety of strange topics, boots, slippers, cigar-boxes, riding-whips and fancy lamps.

A fat, fair, good-tempered baby reigns supreme in the little eating-room, now converted into a nursery, and a bright-eyed, light-footed girl of thirteen assists Mrs. Merton. As for Mr. Grey all his vexations have vanished. His heart had longed for just such a home. It is surprising how busy he contrives to be, frequently declaring that "niece and nevy cannot possibly get along without him," to which they smilingly assent. He has added two wings to the house, of a dark-colored stone, to match the centre; the one for himself, the other, as he says, for the cradle maiden. Beneath each niche in the parlor, he has placed shelves of rosewood, the ends inlaid with ivory threads; and no sooner does Mrs. Merton mention a book with unusual animation, than it appears there.

The other day I was sitting in an immense, high backed chair, which concealed my person from those passing in the hall. I was quite absorbed in contemplating a print from Hogarth, when I was startled by repeated bursts of laughter. Presently Mr. Grey issued from the nursery, nodding, and rubbing his hands. "Charming woman!" said he, "charming woman! On the whole, I'm glad he didn't take Sally Simpson. Nevy was right! There's something beside eating and drinking, baking and brewing, after all." [Christian Watchman.

### INCIDENT ON THE ST. LAWRENCE.

In the middle of the great St. Lawrence, there is nearly opposite Montreal, an island called St. Helens, between which and the shore, the stream about three quarters of a mile broad, runs with great rapidity; and yet, notwithstanding this current, the intense cold of winter invariably freezes its surface. The winter I am speaking of was unusually severe, and the ice on the St. Lawrence, particularly thick; however, while the river beneath was rushing towards the sea, the ice was waiting in abeyance in the middle of the stream, until the narrow fastness between Montreal and St. Helens should burst and allow the whole mass to break into pieces, and then in stupendous confusion to hurry down towards Quebec. On St. Helens there was quartered a small detachment of troops, and while the breaking up of the ice was momently expected, many of the soldiers, muffled up in their great coats, with thick storm gloves on their hands and with a piece of fur attached to their caps to protect their ears from being frozen, were on the ice employed in attending to the road across it to Montreal. After a short suspense, which increased rather than allayed their excitement, a deep thundering noise announced to them that the process I have described had commenced.—The ice before them writhed, heaved up, burst, broke into fragments, and the whole mass, excepting a small portion, which remaining riveted to the shore of St. Helens, formed an artificial pier with deep water beneath it, gradually moved downwards. Just at this moment of intense interest, a little girl, a daughter of an artillerryman on the island, was seen on the ice in the middle of the river, in an attitude of agony and alarm. Imprudently unobserved, she had attempted to cross over to Montreal, and was hardly half way, when the ice, both above, below her, and in all directions, gave way. The child's fate seemed inevitable, and it was exciting various sensations in our minds, and various exclamations from the mouths of the soldiers, when something within the breast of Thomas Neill, a young sergeant in the 24th regiment, who happened to be much nearer than the rest, distinctly uttered to him the mono-syllables "Quick march!" and in obedience thereto, fixing his eyes on the child as on parade bandarole, he steadily proceeded towards her. Sometimes before him, sometimes just behind him, and sometimes on either side, an immense piece of ice would pause, rear up on end, roll over so as occasionally to hide him altogether from view. Sometimes he was seen jumping from a piece that was beginning to rise, and then, like a white bear, carefully clambering down a piece that was beginning to sink, however, onward he proceeds, until reaching the little island of ice on which the poor child stood, with the feelings of calm triumph with which he would have surmounted a breach, he firmly grasped her by the hand. By this time he had been floated down the river nearly out of sight of his comrades. However, some of them having run to their barracks for spy-glasses, distinctly beheld him about two miles below them, sometimes leading the child in his hand, sometimes carrying her in his arms, sometimes halting, sometimes running "double quick;" and in this dangerous predicament he continued for six miles, until, after passing Longeuil, he was given up by his comrades as lost. He remained with the little girl floating down the middle of the river for a considerable time; at last, towards evening, they were discovered by some French Canadians, who, at no small risk, humanely pushed off in a canoe to their assistance, and thus rescued them both from their perilous situation. the Canadians, took them to their home; at last, in due time they returned to St. Helens. The child was happily restored to its parents, and Sergeant Neill quietly returned to his barracks.

[The Emigrant.

### "THEY HEARD HIS VOICE."

A scene of novel and peculiar interest occured at the May meeting of the New York Historical Society. A learned paper upon the ancient trails and territorial boundaries of the far famed Iroquois, had enlisted the attention of the members so deeply, that the usual hour for adjournment was nearly forgotten. When the reader at length closed his dissertation, a member of the Society rose and stated that there was a veritable Iroquois of the full blood present; and, notwithstanding the lateness of the hour, the Society would perhaps be gratified to hear any remarks he might be willing to offer upon the paper just read. The President, the Hon. Luther Bradish, warmly welcomed the suggestion, and an Indian, with all the characteristics of his race strongly printed upon his frontispiece, glided from under the shadow of the book-cases and planted himself upon the floor. The Red man smiled and bowed with graceful self-possession at the sound of applause which greeted him; and then with remarkable address he touched upon point after point of the discourse which had just been read, in language at once choice and forcible, and delivered with just that degree of hesitation which would characterize a speaker who was translating his thoughts. At last he came to a sentence in which his white predecessor upon the floor, had said, "The Iroquois had left no monuments." His response to this was a most animated burst of eloquence; and from that moment, his speech, having now a direct purpose, became one of the most touching and dignified appeals we ever listened to; invoking the Society to interpose between those who survived of his people, and the influences which were at work to expel them from the remnant of their ancient possessions in this State. He said:—

"The hon. gentleman has told you that the Iroquois have no monuments. Did he not previously prove that the land of Gano-no-o, or "the Empire State" as you love to call it, was once laced by our trails from Albany to Buffalo—trails that we had trod for centuries—trails worn so deep by the feet of the Iroquois, that they became your own roads of travel as your possessions gradually eat into those of my people. Your roads still traverse those same lines of communication, and bind one part of "the Long House" to another. The land of Gano-no-o—the Empire State—then, is our monument! and we wish its soil to rest above our bones when we shall be no more. We shall not long occupy much room in living; we shall occupy still less when we are gone; a single tree of the thousands which sheltered our forefathers—one old elm under which the representatives of the tribes were wont to meet—will cover us all; but we would have our bodies twined in death among its roots, on the very soil whence it grew! perhaps it will last the longer from being fertilized with their decay."

The deep and respectful silence with which these words were listened to, was broken the next moment by a peal of laughter from the audience, at some grotesque touches of irony; while mingled sarcasm and eloquent invective called out an involuntary murmur of plaudits, as the Iroquois speaker, proclaiming himself "a native American," commended his white brethren for their alacrity in helping "the Pole, the Greek, and the inhabitants of the British Islands," and recorded his approval of philanthropy generally, provided the original owners of the soil they lived on were not excluded from its wide embrace. He thought it well, too, that the books of white men might occasionally allow, that an Indian had some feeling for his parent or his son, for the wife of his bosom, and for the land of his birth. His gesticulations in this part of his speech were singularly characteristic, and added much to its effect. Turning then to the president, he said:—

"I have been told that the first object of this Society is to preserve the history of the State of New York. You, all of you, know, that alike in its wars and its treaties the Iroquois, long before the Revolution, formed a part of that history; that they were then one in council with you, and were taught to believe themselves one in interest. In your last war with England, your red brother—your elder brother—still came up to help you, as of old, on the Canada frontier! Have we, the first holders of this prosperous region, no longer a share in your history! Glad were your forefathers to sit down upon the threshold of the "Long House"; rich, did they then hold themselves, in getting the mere sweepings from its door. Had our forefathers spurned you from it when the French were thundering at the opposite end, to get a passage through and drive you into the sea, whatever has been the fate of other Indians the Iroquois might still have been a nation; and I—I—instead of pleading here for the privilege of lingering within your borders—I—might have had—a country!"

As the Iroquois thus spoke, his dark features were compressed from strong internal agitation; a big tear gathered in his eye long before he reached the close of the sentence; but slowly uttering what he said, he held it suspended there with such resolute firmness that it did not fall, while his eye became glazed with the gathering emotion which words alone could not relieve. We never witnessed a stronger sensation in any assemblage; and we rejoice for the honor of the Historical Society, that it instantly took order, as the first step, for preserving the remains of the Iroquois in this State, to raise a sum of money to bring back the remnant of the families expatriated last summer; one half of whom have already perished in the swamps of Missouri. It would indeed seem like the very mockery of the true interests of humanity, for an institution of learning to give its best energies to "the Old Mortality" business of deciphering inscriptions on the graves of nations, and turn a deaf ear to the last chapter of their living history, now enacting before their very eyes.

The name of this eloquent Iroquois orator is WAO-WA-WANA-ONK, or "*They heard his voice.*"

[N. Y. Literary World.


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